

THE LADIES' MUSEUM.

FEBRUARY 1829.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.—NO. II.

BIRDS—THE STORK.

No portion of animated nature possesses more attraction than that of the feathered race : in beauty and variety their clothing defies imitation ; and they have these advantages over other living things, they skip along the ground, float upon the surface of water, or mount, with apparent delight, into the regions of air, which might without them appear empty. Quadrupeds bear some distant resemblance, in their construction, to man, but birds are entirely dissimilar, and yet appear, in general, the greater favourites with us. One reason for this may be what Dr. Paley calls " the faithful love of the feathered mate." In Quadrupeds, he says, " the young animal draws its nutriment from the body of the dam. The male parent neither does, nor can contribute any part to its sustentation. In the winged race, the young bird is supplied by an importation of food, to procure and bring home which, in a sufficient quantity for the demand of a numerous brood, requires the industry of both parents. In this difference we see a reason for the vagrant instinct of the quadruped, and for the faithful love of the feathered mate."

Josephus believed that before the fall every animal had reason and speech ; and in our times some birds have been taught to speak ; and many attempts have been made to ascertain what phrenologists call their organ of eloquence. They have other qualities not less remarkable. A Greek philosopher contended, that men learnt the sciences of music and architecture from birds, and ships seem evidently modelled after the form of aquatic birds. Their neck, which rises on a projecting breast, represents the prow ; their short tail, collected into a single bunch, serves as a rudder : their broad and palmated feet perform the office of oars ; and their thick down, glistening with oil (which entirely invests them) is impenetrable by humidity, and at the same time enables them to float more lightly on the surface of the water.

Birds too, are susceptible of the most tender and lively emotions. Lord Kaimes relates an instance of a canary, which, in singing to his mate, hatching her eggs in a cage, fell dead. The female quitted her nest ; and, finding him dead, rejected all food, and died by his side. In the menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes

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G

at Paris, was a crane, which Mons. Valentin brought from Senegal. This bird was attended by that merchant, during the voyage, with the most assiduous care ; but, upon landing in France, it was sold, or given, to the Museum of Natural History. Several months after its introduction, Valentin, arriving at Paris, went to the menagerie, and walked up to the cage in which the bird was confined. The crane instantly recognized him ; and when Valentin went into its cage, lavished upon him every mark of affectionate attachment.

That many of them are endowed with reason, Plutarch and Montaigne contend, with great felicity of argument : the trumpeter bird of America will follow its owner like a spaniel ; and the jacana frequently acts as a shepherd to poultry. It preserves them in the fields all the day from birds of prey, and brings them home regularly at night. In the Shetland Islands there is a gull, which defends the flock from eagles : it is, therefore, regarded as a privileged bird. The chamois bounding among the snowy mountains of the Caucasus, are indebted for their safety, in some degree, to a peculiar species of pheasant. This bird acts as their sentinel ; for as soon as it gets sight of a man it whistles ; upon hearing which the chamois, knowing the hunter is not far distant, sets off with the great activity ; and seeks the highest precipices or the deepest recesses of the mountains.

Though neither the most beautiful in its plumage, nor the most graceful in its form, no bird, with the exception of the Ibis, has experienced more constantly the good opinion of man than the stork. It is smaller than the crane, but larger than the heron, and its length from the point of the bill to the end of the tail, is three feet and a half. The plumage is wholly white ; except the orbits of the eyes, which are bare and blackish : some of the feathers on the side of the back and on the wings are black. The skin, the legs, and the bare part of the thighs, are red.

They are birds of passage, and observe great exactness in the time of their autumnal departure from Europe to more favoured climates. They pass a second summer in Egypt and the marshes of Barbary : in the former country they pair ; and lay again, and educate a second brood. Before each of their migrations, they rendezvous in amazing numbers. They are for a while much in motion among themselves ; and after making several short excursions, as if to try their wings, all on a sudden take flight with great silence, and with such speed, as in a moment to be invisible.

During their migrations, they are seen in vast flocks. Shaw

saw three flights of them leaving Egypt, and passing over Mount Carmel, each half a mile in breadth ; and he says they were three hours in passing over.

Storks are seldom seen farther north than Sweden : and though they have scarcely ever been met with in England, they are so common in Holland as to build every where on the tops of the houses, where the good-natured inhabitants provide boxes for them to make their nests in ; and are careful that the birds suffer no injury, always resenting this as an offence committed against themselves. Storks are also common at Aleppo, and in plenty at Seville, in Spain. At Bagdad, hundreds of their nests are said to be seen about the houses, walls, and trees ; and at Persepolis, or Chilmanar, in Persia, the remains of the pillars serve them to build on, "every pillar having a nest on it," as we read in Fryer's travels.

The white stork is semi-domestic ; haunting towns and cities ; and in many places stalking unconcernedly about the streets, in search of offal and other food. They remove the noxious filth, and clear the fields of serpents and reptiles. On this account they are protected in Holland, and held in high veneration by the Mahomedans ; and so greatly respected were they in times of old by the Thessalonians, that to kill one of these birds was a crime expiable only by death.

Bellonius tells us that "the storks visit Egypt in such abundance, that the fields and meadows are white with them. Yet the Egyptians are not displeased with this sight ; as frogs are generated in such numbers there, that did not the storks devour them, they would overrun every thing. Between Belba and Gaza, the fields of Palestine are often desert on account of the abundance of mice and rats : and, were they not destroyed, the inhabitants could have no harvest."

The disposition of this bird is mild, neither shy, nor savage : it is an animal easily tamed ; and may be trained to reside in gardens, which it will clear of insects and reptiles. It has a grave air, and a mournful visage : yet, when roused by example, it shews a certain degree of gaiety ; for it joins the frolics of children, hopping and playing with them : "I saw in a garden," says Dr. Hermann, "where the children were playing at hide-and-seek, a tame stork join the party ; run in its turn when touched ; and distinguish the child whose turn it was to pursue the rest, so well as, along with the others, to be on its guard."

The ancients ascribed many moral virtues to the stork, as temperance, conjugal fidelity, and filial and paternal piety : its man-

ners are such as were likely to attract peculiar attention from them. It bestows much time and care on the education of its young, and does not leave them till they have strength sufficient for defence and support. When they begin to flutter out of the nest, the mother bears them on her wings; she protects them from danger, and will sometimes perish rather than forsake them. A celebrated story is current in Holland, that when the city of Delft was on fire, a female stork in vain attempted several times to carry off her young ones, and finding that she was unable to effect their escape, remained herself in order to share their fate. This extraordinary circumstance furnished Mr. Hayley with the subject of a very pretty ballad, which is, perhaps, one of that gentleman's most happy efforts.

In "Letters on Italy" is the following anecdote, which affords a singular instance of sagacity in this bird. A wild stork was brought by a farmer in the neighbourhood of Hamburgh, into his poultry-yard, to be the companion of a tame one he had long kept there; but the tame stork, disliking a rival, fell upon the poor stranger, and beat him so unmercifully that he was compelled to take wing, and with some difficulty escaped. About four months afterwards, however, he returned to the poultry-yard, recovered of his wounds, attended by three other storks, who no sooner alighted than they all together fell upon the tame stork and killed him.

TRUE LOVE.

Oh! those who really love without esteem,
Clasp a vain phantom, and a fleeting dream.
How should that tender passion ever live
When reason does not approbation give?
For the fond lover, by degrees will find
No beauty equal to a beauteous mind.
And when suspicion, doubt, contempt arise,
The little traitor, Love, for ever flies.
Passion may live alone its little day,
Awhile it blazes, then consumes away.
True love can never gain the human heart,
Unless esteem and virtue form a part.
When once respect decays, 'twill always prove
The very death-bed of the warmest love.
The love which reason wishes to control
Is passion, not the purity of soul.
True, fervent love, desires a nobler birth
It soars to heav'n although it dwells on earth.

H.

REFLECTIONS ON MATURITY.

AT that period of our lives, generally distinguished by the term of ripened years, or middle age, we become visibly changed; the features are harder, the complexion loses its pristine bloom, and in handsome men, a masculine kind of beauty succeeds to the graces of youth.

Ambition takes place of the tender passion; it is the age of enterprize and renown, and, if resplendent virtues shine forth, it is also, too often, the period of great crimes; for though the passions are less vivacious, they are stronger.

The magic lanthorn of folly may have fascinated the eye of youth; but while we justly reproach folly, we owe her some thanks; the continual movement and perpetual noise of the little bells in her cap, awaken us from the slumbers of idleness.

One man is carried away by the tempest of war; another, desirous of leading a peaceful life, contemplates the world as he would a spectacle; one follows all the hazardous chances held out by fortune, speculates on stock, and confides his wealth to the fickleness of the ocean. Another enters the labyrinth of the court, and wastes his time amidst favour and humiliation.

There are also men of common minds, who travel by crowds in the caravan of human life, who have passed their youth without study or passion, and their maturity without troubling themselves whither they are going; yet, these may be, perhaps, more worthy our envy than our pity; for if they do not achieve any exalted station, they seldom experience any great reverses, they walk quietly in the shade; and they are obedient to the laws.

But a man, whose childhood has been cultivated, and who has, in his youth, been the sport of his passions, has, in middle age, to struggle against two colossal powers—*pride* and *interest*.

Pride is very difficult to be conquered; because it imposes on the mind by its grandeur, often mistaken for greatness of soul, and having, like many other errors, good in its germ, its excess soon makes it a most repellent vice. It came clothed with a consciousness of our own powers, a desire of renown, and a wish for glory: it soon appears clad in injustice, disdain, and envy; pride, like an absolute monarch, must be approached with care and caution.

Interest, well understood, leads men on to great and good actions, something like virtue, but less lively; for thought is always colder than feeling. The interest of your pride you would defend with your sword, your pen, your eloquence; your territory, your honour, and the independence of your country.

But if, instead of following the calculations of interest, you are animated by the virtue of a true patriot, then you have a passion which draws together every noble sentiment.

Selfishness is one of the vices of middle age, and increases as a man advances in the career which brings him on to *old* age. See the banker or the merchant possessed of this passion, in his counting house: he is blinded by the desire of gain, and by the thirst of those gratifications it will procure; he forgets that economy, prudence, and trust-worthy conduct, can alone ensure him confidence, and that the more simple the style of his living, the richer will be his strong-box: but how often does fraud find its way into the dealings of these selfish and luxurious beings. They scruple not to employ the money of others to enrich their own funds; their great dinners, their brilliant entertainments, are often only the forerunners of bankruptcy.

Another selfish man arrives, by dint of perseverance and intrigue, at the honour of being chosen an M. P. He takes his seat in the senate; but it is not the interests of his country that employ his eloquence. Another man regards all superiority as injustice, all order as restraint; he sees liberty only in licentiousness, grandeur in excess; the reversion of all established rule is his delight; he exists only in tumult.

A greater number, taken up entirely with self, sacrifice their duty to their safety; suffering their consciences to be guided by authority: these are modest sunflowers, watching every day for the rising sun, that they may turn respectfully towards it.

When a worthy character arrives at middle age, the wisdom that presided over his education has caused him to take more elevated aims. As soon as he feels the necessity of sacrificing his own interest to the general good, when he finds himself actuated by a sincere love of his country, the narrow calculations of selfishness soon vanish; for his ideas of real happiness are never separated from those of virtue.

When he rises in the world it is by merit, and his elevation does not make him giddy. The charms of ambition, or the attractions of a false popularity, cannot cause him to deviate from his duty; he will do every thing *for* the people, but nothing *through* the people.

Order reigns through the interior of his house, a symbol of his mind's tranquillity; his wife and children are his treasures, and if poverty renders employment requisite to their support, and if the fatigues of war, or other avocations, may have reduced his strength and impaired his health; he has early taught his family to lighten his labours by sharing them. G.

THE HERO OF THE HARTZ.

THERE is undoubtedly a spell, a witchery which binds us in manhood to the scenes of youth; and, indeed, I know not any sensation more gratifying, than to revisit, in sober age, those places endeared to us by the follies of childhood.

Thus thought I upon entering the little German town of H——. The post-boy blew a blast upon his horn most “loud and dread,” which, like the tramp of battle, re-echoed through my ears, and I started as from a dream, when the scenery of former days, the frolics, the fancies, the loves, and the hopes of youth, presented themselves to my “mind’s eye,” arrayed in all the glowing colours of reality.

I soon found myself before the college gates, rang the bell, and hastily proceeded towards the professor’s apartments:—a female met me at the entrance; I hesitated, it was but a momentary pause, a feeling scarcely worth recording,—“Angelica!” I exclaimed, “is it indeed you?” The same bewitching smiles now welcomed me as had inspired my ambition, and warmed my ardour in my departed youth. Introduction was unnecessary, in an instant I felt that I was at home; who could be otherwise with Angelica? and, without further parley, we sat down in the professor’s study, overlooking the luxuriant college-gardens, to talk over the events of olden time. I inquired after my once intimate companions: several were dead, others had emigrated to foreign parts, and all were departed. I was lost in thought, and muttered, “All *my* friends are gone then!” Angelica’s sweet voice roused me, as she exclaimed, “No, I am left, Blumenfeldt;” and I felt that *she* was indeed present, who was once the very spirit of my existence: and was she less so now?—No, although married to another, she was still my friend; I knew she could never be mine; but still rejoiced in thus again conversing with her, after a separation of twenty eventful years, during which we had been sundered by barriers of mountains, and deep and raging seas. I now inquired after Frederick Schill, my foster-brother, as he was called. His was a melancholy story, Angelica told me, and she would relate the more prominent occurrences of his short, but glorious life.

“Schill, as you may have heard,” said she, “immediately after leaving college, entered the Prussian service; and while quartered in some obscure town on the frontiers, became enamoured with the daughter of the clergyman of the village. Their passion was mutual, and but one obstacle opposed their union—

poverty; for Schill was only a lieutenant, and the good curé was very far from rich. Notwithstanding this,—

‘ His love was passion’s essence,—as a tree
On fire by lightning, with ethereal flame
Kindled he was, and blasted; for to be
Thus, and enamour’d, were in him the same.’

Schill adored Josephine with all the romantic impetuosity of a soldier, and he appeared to live only for her. Although no philosopher, Schill was brave as high-souled courage could make a soldier; he knew that his only resource was his sword; he felt his country’s wrongs, and he made them his own; he saw the usurper of France tyrannizing over the nations, and holding the people at nought; the widow’s sigh and the orphan’s tear pleaded for revenge, and his resolution was taken. Mingling patriotism with love, he determined to triumph in both, or fall a sacrifice in the attempt. It was evening when the young warrior entered the room where Josephine was sitting, to break his unwelcome determination to her. If loveliness could have shaken his resolution, or made a coward of his heart, that was the moment; he paused—hesitated—attempted to speak, but all in vain, he could only utter ‘ Farewell!’ and, rushing from the apartment, mounted his horse, and in the deepening shadows of the night was quickly lost to Josephine’s sight—for ever.

“Various changes attended Schill throughout the unequal contest; and every engagement weakened his forces, until at last he found his band almost too reduced to keep the field. This, however, was only in numbers; the spirit of his comrades was yet fearless and unsubdued; and with his devoted followers he retreated to the fastnesses of the mountains, resolved to dispute every inch of ground with the invaders of his country. Every position gained by the enemy was sanctified by the blood of some brave and independent patriot; and the hero of the Hartz, after having harassed and fatigued, by continual sallies, the tyrant’s army, consummated his glory by an action as memorable as that which erst immortalized Leonidas at Thermopylæ. Yet whilst every bosom throbbed, and every spirit exulted in the patriotism of their countryman, one tongue was silent, and one heart cold; the blush fled from that fair cheek, and the smile played no more over her rosy lips. But Josephine is a bride, and though the bridegroom came not to her, she went to him; and the lovely and the brave, Frederick and Josephine, now repose, side by side, in one sepulchre!”

A CHAPTER ON GRACEFULNESS.

THERE is a grand and enviable quality of mind, which, owing to the poverty of our language driving us into figure, is denominated after a certain quality of the body—strength. Many minds seem to possess a natural and vigorous grasp, by which they presently sift truth from error, and, by a manly force of thought, so squeeze the juice and succulence from every subject, that there is little but dross and husk for the next comer.

Strength is not grace, whether of body or mind. Your broad-shouldered, muscular, brawny thinkers, are about as graceful in their movements as a twenty-stone giant—all bone and sinew. They swim, wrestle, jump, and box, but they cannot affect the heart of the observer by the gracefulness of their evolutions. They walk like giants—they reason like the tread of the ten-foot Irishman—they crush when they mean to caress—the shake of their hand is slow martyrdom, as their repulse is sudden death! This just leads me to the point I wish to arrive at, and leaving mental operations to explain themselves how they may, I ask what is gracefulness of body?—what are the essentials to a graceful action?

The question I opine may be answered in one word—fitness. The action may be a very useless or a very foolish one—it may be a benevolent or a wicked one—a saving or a damning one, but still it may be done with grace: no other gesture may be used than what is necessary or appropriate to the thing intended; and there you have a graceful action. When you see a graceless young man rise from his seat in a room to exhibit a bauble or a picture—he blushes to begin with—(quite uncalled for)—he swings the object in a catenary curve—runs against those who are near—treads upon the lap-dog—overthrows a screen—apologizes, treads, tramples, and blushes—all superfluous—all unconnected with the necessities of the required action, and therefore ungraceful—sits down upon a lady's lap by mistake, and gets baptized—a brute!

And so of the other sex. A young lady with ringlets is invited to the piano; she rises, swinging her shoulders so as to endanger the preservation of her centre of gravity—smiles—(what at?)—coughs—asks some unconnected question—knocks down a candle on the instrument, and then you hear grave, sober-minded ladies, with their blood ten degrees below zero, exclaim, “Heaven bless the girl!” What does all this arise from? Simply from doing superfluous things—things, which every body sees have nothing to do with the proposed object. Let every one,

in performing any required action, do no more than is necessary—no scratching—rolling—finger-picking—blushing—hopping—clothes-adjusting; and all will be well, publicly and privately.

There are some occasions which seem to bring our gracefulness to the bitter test of positive torture. You are sitting at a dinner party, and are just getting a little familiar with the ladies and dishes near you; your heart is beginning to grow bland and pleasant, as the delicacies slide in succession over the palate, leaving fragrance behind, even like unto the path of the just—the young lady on your right is about to take wine with you, and some child of infamy—some hoary and aggravating idiot, whom you cannot slay, seeing that he is father of a numerous generation—calls on the mistress of the house to observe how much you are like her brother who journeyed thirty years ago to the East Indies! Straightway every knife is quiet, and twenty pairs of eyes fixed full at you with your wine-glass in hand! He thinks your hair is rather redder, and your nose somewhat longer; and this calls forth a discussion from those who remember the nabob, whom you never saw, and whom you heartily wish was under the wheels of Juggernaut, or at the bottom of the rolling Ganges. Any man who can keep himself, in these circumstances, from doing or saying something which is uncalled for, and out of place, is a graceful man—he need fear hardly any thing earthly; if he neither blush, laugh, nor look grave, he is a master of the art of gracefulness.

Now, I wish my readers to put these questions upon every occasion on which they think they observe a display of ungracefulness:—What makes that action so graceless? In what does the awkwardness appear or consist? The answer, I engage to say, will be an invariable one; Because of the redundancy, or superfluity of action which attended it, and which nature did not require. Many ladies dance, roll, fly, or frisk into their carriages, but do not *walk* to them—do not walk with the lively, buoyant, yet quick step of ease and grace, and moreover of nature. The observers ask, What are the reasons for this haste, tossing, and swinging! The answer is obvious—none!

Follow out the principle at your leisure into the arts—writing, architecture, oratory, singing, sculpture, dancing. Ornament is a good thing in the hands of a master—a divine and intelligent exhibition of elegance and imagination; but its appropriateness, its aptness to the situation, must be conditioned. Bad writers, ungraceful speakers, and charity-boy artists, always introduce ornament precisely in the wrong place. Where nature and com-

mon sense obviously require a stern and rigid simplicity, there these graceless villains patch and carve, chisel and sculpture, and inasmuch as they do this, they offend good taste, and cover themselves with merited contempt. If any young lady were to attempt those movements at a ball, which are so exquisitely graceful on the Opera boards, and succeed in them, why there would be a simultaneous rush to the Lunatic Asylum for that article of dress by which the crooked may be made straight; and the barber to the institution would whet his razor, preparatory to a shaving of the head! And why? Simply because the movement was out of place—was ill-timed—nothing bad or disgraceful in its own nature or essence—but, like a hoyden laugh, or a running, romping movement, was obviously to all men with eyes and human passions—inappropriate. Do not mistake me, when I talk of superfluity of action, in supposing that I recommend precision, or stiffness of manner—God forbid!—is that starched, steeled, pasteboard, anti-friction manner, suited to the occasion, or is it not? Is there a *redundance* of stiffening, or not? These are the questions to be answered.

This leads me to remark, that of all terrestrial trials of gracefulness, my own experience leads me to point out the following, as one at which the soul of the stoutest may sink:—Being paraded (between one set of quadrilles and the ensuing one, when men and women are for the most part seated and observant) across a long room, by the master of the ceremonies, and introduced to a young lady, a stranger, for the next set! Now this is a common, every day, every night, and stupidly-indifferent matter, and yet there are not ten men in the universe who go through the ceremony gracefully! Heaven defend us!—the walking, strutting, wheeling, reeling! Most men upon such an occasion say too much, smile too much, compliment too much, dance too much.

Now, when the master of a house introduces you to a young lady for a dancing partner, should you *say* any thing, or should you not? I think, considerately and dispassionately, *not*! Look a solicitation, and bow your gratitude. Many a man (I should say, ape) advances in a tempest, a positive hurricane, and if the young lady be sitting, claps a hand upon each knee, and with bent back, and in an indescribably horrid, and barely decent attitude, pours forth, ejects, a volley of unmeaning and sickness-causing jabber! Men of this class do not get their deserts half often enough—there is not nearly the kicking there used to be in my time!

The rule for gracefulness is in one word—nature. Whatever is done in a natural unaffected manner is done well; and, in general, ladies act more gracefully than the gentlemen, because the timidity of their sex prevents a redundancy of action. A well-educated lady is never too quick in her action—is never too stiff—too sudden—too loud—too long—she consults nature and is therefore *graceful*. A. B.

A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

[He (my father) made me sit down by him and dissolving into tears, bade me weep for the tenderest of mothers.—*Memoirs of Barthalemy.*]

It is the hour, when the dreamy eve
 In slumber's wreath hath bound thee,
 But awake, my child, awake to grieve,
 Though joys are thronging round thee.
 I have watched thy radiant cheek,
 And have hung upon its bloom,
 But adieu to bliss, and the health-dyed streak,
 Come, come to the grass-clad tomb.
 I know it is not sooth that tears
 On the glowing heart should bring
 A pall of ivy, when its years
 Are yet unsunned by spring,
 But 'tis meet that grief should be
 Familiar to thy brow;
 For thou must heir the agony
 That wrings my bosom now.
 Aye! let that eye of sorrow droop,
 Or scan the path of time,
 For all the flowers that thou canst group.
 She flung around thy prime.
 The tear-drop bright and brief
 She kiss'd till thou wert blest;
 And thy sweetest joy was the transient grief,
 That hung thee on her breast.
 Oh, green to thee is still the day
 She called to her side,
 When fever paled the sun-set ray
 That lit her beauty's pride;
 Raising that rose lip to her face,
 Thine infant soul to bless,
 She folded thy neck in a wild embrace,
 And died in that last caress.
 Then give the grave its accustomed tears
 Nor let the tribute grieve thee,
 For this is the feast of thine after-years,
 The fairest gift I leave thee.
 Youth fears in gushing sighs
 His joyous hours to steep,
 But oh! when a mother's fondness dies,
 Who then can refuse to weep.

S.

RECORDS OF WOMAN.—NO. I.

THE CONDITION OF WOMEN DURING THE AGES OF
CHIVALRY.

REVERENCE for the gentler sex was inculcated in every lesson of chivalry. In the early education of youth, women were represented as the objects of respectful love, and the dispensers of happiness. The child was taught that, to be an honourable and happy man, he should prove himself worthy of the love of a virtuous woman. This lesson, says Ulrich von Lichtenstein, in his book entitled "Duties owed to Women," every boy sucked in with his mother's milk ; so it was not wonderful that love and honour should become identified in his soul. When I was a child, so young that I used to ride upon a stick, I was fully persuaded that I ought to honour women with all that I possessed, love, goods, courage, and life." Till the age of seven, the child was to be under the discipline of women. Wirin von Grafenberg, in his chivalrous poem of Wigolais, relates, that while the knights would teach the boy all the exercises of chivalry, the women of the castle had such an affection for his virtue, that they allowed him when much older to go about in a familiar manner among them. Büsching laments that with the decline of chivalry this tender, and at the same time, this manly education should have been changed for a mode which did not profess to effect any such general object. Religion and the rules of chivalry conspired in these ages to convince youth that the object of its pride was to be obtained by virtue ; that the image which was beheld with all the rapture of the imagination, was to be approached in the discharge of duty ; and that while infidelity might present its temptations to the senses, whatever the heart held dear in time and in eternity, was connected with its faith in Christ.

Every thing in the education of boys tended to raise to the highest degree that reverence for women which had distinguished old Germany ; to soften and refine the manners of youth ; to make the mind generous, and the person graceful, by requiring a constant, and, at the same time, a willing and cheerful obedience. Tacitus says, that the Germans thought there was something holy in women, and that they never despised their counsels or neglected their answers. How remarkably was this spirit evinced by St. Louis, when the sultan inquired what money he would give for his ransom, and he replied "it is for the sultan to explain himself ; if his propositions are reasonable, I will make the queen acquainted with the terms enjoined." The infidels were lost in astonishment at such respect for a woman. "C'est," re-

plied the king, "*qu'elle est ma dame et ma compagne.*" To repeat the apology of Sir Philip Sidney, "it may seem superfluous to use words in praise of a subject which needs no praises, and withal I fear lest my unworthy tongue should utter words which may be a disgrace to them I so inwardly honour," and yet how can one allude to the knights, their toils and dangers, without making mention of the women, "who witched them into love and courtesy." It is a far too noble and gracious subject to be attempted by my coarse pencil; but, nevertheless, since I have put on the lion's skin, as Socrates used to say, I must not flinch, but proceed.

Nor were they unworthy of being the instructors of the good and brave. The following legend occurs in the annals of the monastery at Kempton. Taland, natural son of Pepin, the father of Charlemagne, fell in love with Hildegard, Charles's first queen, and during the absence of the king, in his Saxon wars, he had opportunity to disclose his design. After trying all the arts of persuasion, and even harsh threatenings, the empress at length pretended to consent, and appointed him to come to a chamber, where, as soon as he entered, the doors closed and he found himself a prisoner. Upon the return of Charles, she gave him his liberty, upon which he immediately accused her to his brother, whose love gave place to indignation, and he ordered that her eyes should be put out, and that she should then be executed. A generous knight resolved to save her, and hurried her off from the place intended for execution, after causing the eyes of a hound to be sent to the king, as a proof that his sentence had been obeyed. Hildegard fled to Rome, where she supported herself by her knowledge of simples and other medicines, with which she cured poor sick people. In the mean while Taland became blind, and, in the year 773, he accompanied Charlemagne to Rome, when, after vainly applying to the best physicians, the fame of Hildegard, as an unknown woman, for whom the poor had great reverence, induced him to have recourse to her. She knew him instantly, performed the cure, and pardoned him. Charlemagne and the pope hastened to see the stranger, who had effected such a marvellous cure. What was the emperor's astonishment when he recognized his once beloved Hildegard. She related her history; obtained pardon for the wretch, Taland. The pope bestowed the title of "the great" upon the happy pair, and soon after her return from Italy, she founded the monastery at Kempton, in gratitude to God for having manifested her innocence.

Mr. Mills declines imitating the knight of La Mancha, who

challenges to a joust, à l'outrance, any discourteous cavalier, who should have the audacity to defame the Queen Madascina; but he adds, "I think that our imaginations do not altogether deceive us in painting the days of chivalry as days of feminine virtue." No, certainly—

In former ages courteous ladies were,

Who worship'd virtue, and not wordly gear:

who made real goodness their care, and steered not with the base, who

In this frail life were worthy to be blest,

Held glorious and immortal when at rest.

There was something extremely amiable and humane in the gallantry of these days. By the customs of Burgundy, a young maid could save the life of a criminal if she met him by accident for the first time going to execution, and asked him in marriage. "Is it not true," asks Marchangy, "that the criminal who can interest a simple and virtuous maid, so as to be chosen for a husband, is not so guilty as he may appear, and that attenuating considerations speak secretly in his favour?" Many women refused even to appear at tournaments. The Duchess of Burgundy, wife of Philippe the Good, would never attend on such occasions. The Cid could not inspire his wife, Ximena, and her women, with his own spirit, for they were unable to look on from a tower when a battle was to be fought with the Moors; and even in Amadis de Gaul, Oriana always shudders at the sight of preparations for any hour of danger.

It appears from the treatise which René d'Anjou wrote on the form of tournaments, that before commencing, the King of Arms was to lead some great knight or squire before the women, and to say "thrice noble and redoubted knight, or thrice noble and gentle squire, as it is always the custom of women to have a compassionate heart, those who are assembled in this company, in order to behold the tournament, which is to be held to-morrow, make known their pleasure, that the combat before their eyes must not be too violent, or so ordered that they cannot bear assistance in need. Therefore they command the most renowned knight or squire of the assembly, whoever he may be, to bear right to-morrow, on the end of a lance, this present cœuvrechief, in order that when any one should be too grievously pressed, he may lower this cœuvrechief over the crest of those who attack him, who must immediately cease to strike, and not dare to touch their adversary any more; for from this hour, during the rest of that day, the women take him under their protection and safe-guard." With

these words they then presented to him the *cœuvrechief*. It was a kind of hood enriched with embroidery.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, in the reign of Henry VIII. made the tour of Europe, in the spirit of an Amadis, proclaiming the unrivalled charms of his Geraldine, who was daughter of Gerald Fitz-Gerald, Earl of Kildare. At the emperor's court, Cornelius Agrippa was said to have shown him, in a mirror, a living image of Geraldine, reclining on a couch, sick, and reading one of his sonnets, by a waxen taper. On his arrival at Florence he challenged all knights who should presume to deny the superiority of her beauty. The lady being of Tuscan origin, the Florentines were pleased, and the grand duke permitted a general and unmolested ingress into his dominions of the combatants of all countries, till the trial should be decided. The challenge was accepted and the earl proved victorious. The shield which he presented to the duke is still preserved at Norfolk House. But though we should multiply these examples, it will remain no less true, that the perfection of the female character was regarded as consisting in angelic mildness and delicate grace, incapable of a thought which bordered upon cruelty.

Gentle maid should never ask
Of knighthood vain and bloody task.
And beauty's eyes should ever be
Like the twin stars that soothe the sea.
And beauty's breath should whisper peace,
And bid the storm of battle cease.

Chivalry even gave warning to women not to forget the softness and humanity of their character, in requiring any unreasonable service of danger from a knight. In Schiller's poem of the Glove, the knight Delorges obeys indeed, and, in the presence of Francis I. drops down into the horrible pit, and, from the midst of the wild beasts, takes up the glove, but it is only to toss it to the lady Kunigund and to turn from her for ever. And in the *Morte d'Arthur*, also, the knight performs the service, but the woman has no longer a servant. "If a woman obliged me to perform it," says an old officer in a famous romance, "I would perform it, but never see her more."

Anciently in England women were sheriffs of counties. Margaret, Countess of Richmond, was a justice of peace. Sir William Dugdale says, that Ela, widow of William, Earl of Salisbury, executed the sheriff's office for Wiltshire, in the reign of Henry III. From Fuller's *Worthies* it appears, that Elizabeth, widow of Thomas, Lord Clifford, was Sheriff of Westmoreland for many years; and from Pennant's *Scottish Tour* we learn

that for the same county, Anne, the celebrated Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery, often sat in person as sherifffess. The wife of Honorè de Lascaris, Count of Teude, is called by Cæsar Nostradamus, "Capitainesse du chateau de Castellane;" and the monk of St. Denis, in the Chronicles, speaks of "une dame chevaleresse."

Great feats the women of antiquity

In arms and hallowed arts as well have done,

And of their worthy works the memory

And lustre through this ample world have shone.

Sibylla, wife of Robert, Duke of Normandy, took care of his estates during his absence in Palestine, and the historian says, that under her rule the province was better governed than if he had been present. The lords of the village of Chatenai refusing to set free several unhappy villagers, who were languishing in prison, the pious mother of St. Louis, at the head of her people, went to burst open the gates, and before the revolution the stick was still preserved with which she struck the door, and commenced the attack with her own hand. Raymond Berenger, the last Count of Barcelona, instituted the order of the hatchet for women, to honour the bravery of the female champions who defended with that instrument the city of Tortosa when reduced to extremity. The city of Palencia being defended by women, John I. King of Castile, ordered that they should be admitted into the order of the band founded by Alphonso, to enjoy all the privileges attached to it.

Herodotus describes certain lady knights among the Ausenses, who met yearly to contend with each other in honour of Minerva. The women of the middle ages were not so expert, if we may judge from an amusing instance related by Büsching, from an old poet of the fourteenth century, respecting an event which happened in a fortress on the Rhine, where forty bold knights lived with their wives. During the absence of the men on Sunday, who had left their armour, the women laid a plan to hold a tournament: so they put on their husbands' armour, mounted their horses, and took each her lord's name, all but one young maid, who therefore called herself Herxog Walrable von Limburg, at that time one of the most renowned knights upon the Rhine. She tournayed with such skill that she sent most of the other women out of the saddle; then they rode home and put up the horses, and put the wounded to bed, and forbid the pages to mention what they had performed; but when the knights came back, they found their horses in a sweat, their armour out of its

place, and many of the women in bed with bruises, so they asked their little noble pages, and they told them all about it; so they laughed heartily at their wives' folly, and the adventure soon getting wind, the Duke Walrable determined to see the maid who had won such worship in his name. He accordingly came to the castle, and gave her one hundred marks for dowry, a war horse, and a light hackney, and she was soon after married to a man of honour.

At the tournaments of Edward III.'s time, women sometimes appeared on horseback armed with daggers, and in armour. Ramon Montaner describes a Spanish woman, in the reign of Peter of Arragon, who put on armour, and took a French knight prisoner, having killed his horse. Many women appeared in armour in the ranks of the crusaders. In *Tirante the White*, women are represented in steel armour. In 1623, a gardener digging up a tree on the spot in Paris where the exchange now stands, found nine cuirasses which had been made for women, as their form denoted; and in the museum of the artillery at Paris, may be seen the steel armour which was worn by Elizabeth de Nassau, mother of the Maréchal de Turenne, and that of Charlotte de la Marck, Dame de Bouillon, who died in 1594.

Without affecting magic like Medea, our female ancestors made no scruple of conducting the chariot, and even of discharging the office of the stable, as we read of Sir Launcelot in the old ballad:

Ladies fair attended on him,
High born damsels dress'd his steed.

Yet, under this hard mail, and in the exercise of these rough duties, they had not lost their woman's heart; still in the hour of danger and suffering they were ministering angels. Jeanne de Bourgoyne, wife of Philippe de Valois, is said to have died of the plague, which she caught in tending the sick.

The employment of Penelope was the favourite amusement of these noble women in the absence of their husbands. The Anglo-Saxon lady is described as weaving on curtains the actions of her lord. Cavendish says, that when the cardinals waited upon Queen Catherine, she came out to them "with a skaine of white thread about her neck." When Brithnod, the Anglo-Saxon warrior, was slain in battle against the Danes, to honour the memory of her husband, his widow, Ethelfleda, embroidered in silk the history of his exploits, and gave it, with several other presents, to the monastery which contained his ashes; and, during the absence of William the Conqueror in England, his queen Ma-

thilda, *fæminam prudentiæ speculum, pudoris culmen*, as William of Malmsbury says, was employed in weaving that famous tapestry which is still preserved at Bayeux, to strike every beholder with admiration, which, though representing thirty events illustrative of the conquest, is designed evidently with a view not so much to commemorate the glory of her husband, as the justice of his cause.

Women in the middle ages frequently added to the ordinary accomplishments of their sex a considerable degree of learning. Anne Sforza, Duchess of Ferrara, was an example of a woman uniting all female graces with extensive learning. Cervantes describes the duchess as quoting certain Latin verses of Politian, and in his time many Spanish women of high rank were well skilled in classical learning. The Spanish *academia domestica de buenas letras*, received its formation and its statutes from the Countess of Eril and Guimera. In 1459, Pope Pius II. was complimented by Hippolyta Sforza, daughter of Francis Sforza, in a Latin speech.

Before a tournament the candidates hung up their shields in some public place, and if one of them was known to have spoken lightly of any woman, she had only to touch the shield in token of demanding justice. It was not a duel which ensued; but the knight guilty of this defamation, was beaten soundly by his peers. King Charles V. of France banished from court a man who had spoken lightly in the presence of women; such respect had men for female virtue. The right hand was given to a woman, to show her honour; yet the ingenious gallantry of those ages provided for every case, by remarking, that she on the left was nearest the heart of him who conducted her. It was not alone in England that the law of hospitality required women to kiss the stranger who arrived. In the *Nibelungen*, Rüdiger desires Trantine to kiss with all discretion the noble kings who arrive, and their attendants; and when the Countess de Montfort received Sir Walter Manny, after his taking the castle of Goney, in the forest, "she came," says Froissart, "and mette them, and kyssed and made them great chere, and caused al the noble men to dyne with her in the castle."

I have not multiplied these examples without a view to exalt the moral character of these ages, and to pay a tribute of admiration to the wisdom which inspired them. They have served to show what generous sentiments were then in honour; how little comparative value was attached to riches; how free the minds of men were from the infection of those base and selfish ends which

in later times have been proposed with all the gravity which belongs to the teachers of wisdom. If they recall ideas of human weakness, it was a weakness which could triumph over wealth and empire, and which proved that there was something in the world which gold could not command: at least they bring back images which belong to soul-sustaining songs and sweet debates of ancient lore. Z.

HOME.

HOME of my youth! though thy pleasant shades
I never more may see;
And many years have pass'd away
Since last I gaz'd on thee:

Yet memory fondly loves to trace
Each well-remember'd scene,
And lingers, as in childhood's hour,
Among thy meadows green.

Again I see the verdant mead
Bespread with early flowers,
And hear the song of the young birds
In thy dark leafy bowers.

The gushing river murmuring by,
And e'en the old oak tree—

O! o'er them all there is a spell
Which chains my soul to thee.

For I have been in other lands,
Have trod imperial Rome;
Yet even 'midst the glories there
I sigh'd to think of home.

Yet now what I would I there? alas!

All whom I priz'd are gone,
And cold and silent those dear forms
I lov'd to look upon.

And ye, mine infant playmates too—

O! 'twas a happy time,
When we roam'd through the sunny fields
In our young joyous prime.

Where are ye now? some sunk to rest
And others far away;

And many long ere now have found
Their once bright hopes decay!

Yet still in that beloved spot

Where our young hours were pass'd,
I fain would wander once again,
And linger till the last.

O! 'twould be sweet, when life declines,

And I no more can roam,
At last to close my weary eyes
Amidst the scenes of home!

H—.

THE BRIDAL OF BUONDELMONTE.

A TALE OF FLORENCE.

IN all the sunny Italy, and it is indeed the land of sun and beauty, what maid was fairer, or who of more voluptuous loveliness—with eyes that it were love to look upon, and cheeks whose blush was deeper and more radiant than the fairest rose of Cathay—than Laura Amadei? The perfection of eighteen summers had but lighted her into womanhood, and the happy smile of innocence was yet upon her lip in all its original playfulness. Her youth had been watched over by the solicitude of an anxious mother, and as she blossomed into maturity, she preserved all the freshness of unaffected infancy, flinging additional charms round the many others which adorned her. Had she walked among the palaces or gardens of Florence, many of its proud sons willingly would have made sacrifice of their heart, in testimony of her empire; but while growing up in seclusion with her parent, there was little opportunity of playing the victorious part for which she seemed destined. However, although Signora Amadei was thus watchful in the education of her daughter, her solicitude did not proceed from any desire to give her a disrelish for the world, nor from any inclination to dispose her to seek the solitude of the cloister. Although it was her wish to secure her heart from the dangers which a promiscuous intercourse with the gay young cavaliers of Firenze might produce, yet she did not seek to render it callous to the delightful influence of the softer passion, when it should be properly bestowed; and, accordingly, all the adventitious assistance of art was drawn upon to enhance the beauties of her person by the accomplishments of her mind. When, considering the proneness of the human heart to love, I have sometimes been astonished at the readiness with which it bestows its best and purest affections. The first feeling of many is that of love; and there are few, who, before they enter upon the list of manhood, have not known some one object, whom they hung upon with all the rapture and intensity of first love, and whom they think that they shall ever love thus singly and fondly. But, however strong the passion may exist in the breast of man, it is in the female world that we discern its action to be most incessant and violent. Most females are vain, and there are not many, who,

when, lingering, they take

A last look of their mirror at night ere they go,

do not well appreciate the potency of the charms with which nature may have blessed them. It is not difficult, then, to win the female heart; “a little wooing, and they are won;” you

dangle by their side for a few days ; you whisper to them compliments on their beauty ; you dance with them two or three quadrilles ; you attend them on two or three riding excursions ; and, in most instances, their heart is yours, if you take the trouble to demand it. If you are a poet, and that a little merit has been attached to your verses, their vanity will considerably assist your progress ; and if you be the heir to a large estate, you have still an ally more potent even than poesy herself. I have seen the world, and I have mingled with all classes of its societies, and I have never known a young and beautiful girl, whose heart was not open to the softest impressions, whose imagination did not dream of love, and who did not cherish the poet's song, in proportion as it was more glowing and voluptuous. Many will love because their affections have twined themselves round some bright and admiring being ; and if disappointment comes upon them, they will pine, and wither, and die, of their own too pure affection ; and there are others who will yield up their hearts because it seemeth good that they should ; and if their prospects should be darkened, philosophy will step in and be a prop to support them resignedly through the trial. But of none of these species was Laura Amadei ; she was all beautiful and warm, the ardent child of an Italian clime, with all its perfections without any of its stains. As I have said, she had not yet been taught to love, for the signora, destining her to be the bride of Buondelmonte, had preserved her heart, as yet, virginal and pure.

Buondelmonte stood among the highest of the Florentine nobility. He inherited the ancestral virtues of a long line of princely progenitors, his valour was without stain, and his knightly mien and eloquent eye were adequate to captivate the heart of any willing maid.

He was enjoying the festivities of the carnival when the long dark lashes of Leonora Uberti attracted his notice. She was the daughter of a princely house, and as her beauty was not inferior to her diguity, Buondelmonte was soon a sighing suitor at her feet. He would take his guitar, and stand beneath the viranda of her windows, for hour after hour, with the clear, cold moon shining down upon him, and singing some ditty of love, perhaps something like the following :

“ Come down—come down from your lattice high,
For the moon rides fair through the summer sky,
The breeze is mute, and the lake is bright,
And hearts are awake that love the night.

“ Like thee—like thee the night is fair,
Then come, to the bower of love repair ;

I have built a shrine in its leafy core,
Where thou'lt be the goddess, and I'll adore ;”*

or else he would wander among the glories of Florence, and Leonora would be the theme of his meditations. In consequence of some domestic arrangements, the nuptial day had been deferred longer than a lover's impatience would desire ; and, in the mean time, from the intensity of his first idolizing passion, his affection cooled into a more rational feeling.

While these events were taking place, the Signora Amadei was informed that her tardiness in engaging the heart of Buondelmonte had allowed the daughter of Uberti to anticipate her. Her purpose, however, was not to be thus baffled ; and resolved on hazarding its success on one bold manœuvre, she determined on laying aside her womanly modesty, and, in person, disclose to Buondelmonte her intentions. But fortune was more her friend than she could have hoped, and circumstances brought about the accomplishment of her project, in a manner different from what she had expected.

Evening had descended upon the earth, and such an evening as Italy alone can know, streaming along the sky in a most glorious harmony of light and shadow, and mellowing the world with its soft and enervating odours. The bridal day was fixed ; the bride panting with virgin timidity, and anxious yet apprehensive of the dreaded hour, was engaged with her tire-women in making the arrangements of dress, necessary for the important occasion ; and Buondelmonte, mounted on a superb steed, rode into the country to give a loose to his thoughts, and catch a breath of healthy air. The languid glory of the evening seduced him into a longer excursion than personal security rendered safe ; and night had already spread its face of shadows over the mountains, when he turned his steed towards the walls of Florence. His ride had been through a country surrounded with hills, and intersected by protruding rocks and deep sunk glens, and as he galloped through long avenues of lofty trees, he was in momentary expectation of being retarded by some of the forest banditti, with which Italy then abounded. However, his fears were not immediately realized, and he had accomplished the greater part of his journey, when, at an angle of the road which brought him to a defile narrower than those through which he had been passing, his horse rose on his haunches, and three men rushing forward, seized on the bridle and demanded his purse from their prisoner. His

* Serenade, by J. M. Shea, from the “ Dublin and London Magazine.”

horse fretted and chafed ; again he reared and again he flung his fore-feet against those who retained him. Buondelmonte's drawn sword assisted the exertions of his steed, and one of his captors lying at his feet, the noble animal, in foam and speed, bore his rider from the remaining two, not, however, until the poniard of one of them had inflicted a severe wound on his side. For some time he was able to keep his seat ; but loss of blood, and fatigue, finally overpowering him, he fell faint and insensible from his saddle.

Memory retained no recollection of what followed ; but when he next opened his eyes, he found himself in a strange room, with strange faces about him. There was an indistinct and sickly light struggling through the closed shutters, a quiet footstep stealing over the carpeted apartment, and an occasional hum of the most silvery voices muttering through the silence. He opened his eyes, and the swimming of brain with which his last recollections had been accompanied, came across him : he opened his eyes again, and on turning them abroad, they looked into those of a young, sylph-like female, most surpassingly fair, who stood above him, as if watching his slumbers with sisterly solicitude. The lovely nurse started on seeing him awake, but stopped for a moment to ascertain the fact, and gaze upon his living countenance, which, of course, gave either an opportunity of examining the other ; and, as Lord Byron observes,

When two such faces are so, 'twould be wise,
But very difficult, to shut their eyes.

" He wakes, *mi madre !*" whispered his guardian, and, in an instant, a matronly woman stood beside him, whom Buondelmonte recognised to be his acquaintance, the Signora Amadei. Warm greeting passed between them, when he was informed that some contadini passing through the forest on the preceding evening, found a gentleman stretched by a pawing steed, richly habited, and faint, and cold, and stiff, through exhaustion and loss of blood. They immediately came to the dwelling of the signora, which was not distant from the spot, whither, at her orders, they brought the unfortunate gentleman, who was then discovered to be Messer Buondelmonte. A physician was called to examine his wounds ; who, although he pronounced them to be not immediately dangerous, said that removal in his present state would be highly injurious. Accordingly, our knight found himself obliged to be comfortable in his present abode ; and while the care of Laura smoothed the thorns on his pillow, he felt no uneasiness as to the slowness with which his convalescence was effected. In

the smiles of Laura he forgot those of Leonora; and while gazing on her bewildering face he ceased to remember that he had ever loved another. Laura was so pure and ethereal in all her feelings and movements, and so much of a spiritualized character seemed to enter into the very expression of her countenance, and to make part of all her actions, that transition from the worship of any other creature unto her, seemed a right that could not be withheld.

Sickness had already passed from his frame; his brow again brightened to the hue of health, and he was beginning to talk of returning to fulfil the obligations which his accident had retarded, when Signora Amadei informed him that she had once hoped her daughter should be the bride of Buondelmonte, but that his determination would, of course, present a barrier to her fondest wishes. "What!" said Buondelmonte, on hearing the intelligence, "could it be possible that I should reject the proffered love of one so fair? since you have reserved her for me, she must be mine; it would be ingratitude to say her nay." *Poichè voi me l'avete serbata, io sarei uno ingrato, sendo ancora a tempo, a rifiutarla.* Unmindful of the vows he had plighted to the daughter of Uberti, and regardless of the consequences which would wait on such a violation of faith, he prepared to espouse Laura Amadei.

The day that was to witness his perfidy arrived; but it was not to be supposed that the insulted family of Uberti could readily stifle the feelings which this indignity had aroused within them. There are few insults that men are less disposed to forgive than that conveyed in the wanton outrage of feeling, which such a disregard to honourable promises must produce in the female bosom; and as there is no principle which can authorize a man to play with the affections of any woman, so much the more justified is the vengeance that would punish such cruelty. And fully did the Uberti participate in these sentiments. However, they concealed their purpose until it could fall with greater weight; and, accordingly, Buondelmonte proceeded in his preparations for his marriage solemnity, without any apprehension as to the fate that was ordained for him.

Merry was the peal of the marriage bell, and light was the heart of the thoughtless bridegroom as he led the destined partner of his happiness to the foot of the high altar, in the cathedral church at Florence. The priest was standing, robed and stoled at the foot of the sanctuary: he held his book in his hand, and ready to commence the awful ceremony, he knelt before the

tabernacles to offer up a preparatory prayer. In the meantime the bridal procession had entered the aisles, and in a few minutes the youthful pair were at the holy father's feet. It must be an odd moment, when a brave and noble youth, and a tender and gentle girl, kneel before the minister of God, and, at his sacred commands, unite their fates indissolubly together. What strange sensations must arise, and how the one must blush and tremble, and the other look foolish and not—know what to say. But, as I have never experienced either of the sensations, I cannot enter into their explanation. Reader! canst thou? Buondelmonte and Laura Amadei were bent to receive the sanction and blessing of Heaven on their lives—the mystic words were being breathed from the sacerdotal lips, and already the rite was completed, when the rushing of many voices swept along the aisles, swords flashed, and a band of armed men, with Stiatto Uberti at their head, interrupted the priest in his function.

“Villain!” cried Uberti, and the vaults around echoed to the name, “thinkest thou to escape me and the merited chastisement of thy perfidy?”

But before Buondelmonte could essay a reply, the sword was reeking in his breast, and he lay a horrid, bleeding corse at the feet of his unoffending bride. Their deed was done, and the murderers issued from the church with the same rapidity with which they had entered. Laura bent over her all but husband; she called on him to answer her, but he could not, and after folding him to her bosom, she sunk by his side to share his couch in the grave, since it was prohibited her on earth. The blood of her guilty lover was no atonement to the lacerated affections of Leonora Uberti; she was rather of Baba's opinion, when addressing the sultana on the propriety of putting the erring Don Juan to death, he says,

Excuse my freedom, when I here assure you,
That killing him is not the way to cure you;

and although his assassination might have gratified the revenge of her kindred, it did little to appease the sorrowings or solace the loneliness of her own heart. The cells of a convent, “where pensive meditation dwells,” received her into their seclusion; and history recordeth not how long she survived to weep the “Bridal of Buondelmonte.”

Although events thus terminated, as regarded the principal personages of my tale, we learn that the evil consequences of this affray were of much longer continuance. The feud of a family communicated itself to the state, and Florence became the

theatre of a long and harassing civil war. The circumstance forms an incident in Florentine history; and speaking of these occurrences, I find in Machiavelli's "Istorie Florentine," the following passage: "E perchè queste famiglie erano forti di case e di torri, e di uomini, combattevano molti anni insieme senza sacciare l'una l'altra; e le inimicizie loro, ancorachè le non si finissero per pace, si componevano per triegue, e per questa via, secondo i nuovi accidenti, ora si quietavano ed ora si accendevano." D. S. L.

THE BRIDESMAID.

THE bridal is over, the guests are all gone;
The bride's only sister is weeping alone;
The wreath of white roses is torn from her brow,
And the heart of the bridesmaid is desolate now.

With smiles and caresses she deck'd the fair bride,
And then led her forth with affectionate pride;
She knew that together no more they should dwell,
And she smil'd when she kiss'd her, and whisper'd farewell.

She would not embitter a festival day,
Nor send her sweet sister in sadness away;
She hears the bells ringing—she sees her depart—
She cannot veil longer the grief of her heart;

She thinks of each pleasure, each pain that endears
The gentle companion of happier years;
The wreath of white roses is torn from her brow,
And the heart of the bridesmaid is desolate now.

J. M. COLEKIN.

JUDAH'S LAMENT.

OH, Harp of the East! whose sweet hallow'd strings
Have swell'd with the prayers of Israel's kings,
The wild stream of time hath swept o'er thy chords,
Hath hush'd thy lov'd music—broken our swords.

Oh! bright were the days and golden the reign,
When Judah in pride awoke to thy strain;
The monarch and saint were blended in one,
And mighty in arms was Jesse's brave son.

David, the glory of Israel's host,
Fear'd by his foes, of his country the boast,
Hung o'er the harp with devotion and love,
And pure were the strains he wafted above.

David, the pride and the glory of kings,
To praise and thanksgiving hallow'd thy strings,
Bright was the crown which encircled his brow,
But brighter the crown encircling it now!

H.

THE OLD WOMAN OF THE ROCHENFELS.

IN the valley of Murg stands a large and steep granite pile, which is known by the name of the Roehen. The castle of Eberstein rears its massy walls, in gloomy grandeur, on a neighbouring mountain. The district in which both of them are placed is called the Roehenfels. Numerous traditions, all of them romantic, and most of them fabulous, are preserved respecting this picturesque place. From amongst them the following has been selected, and the reader may determine to which of these classes—if not both—it belongs.

In the good old times, when human beings were not the only inhabitants of the place, the earth, the air, and the water, had each their separate denizens, who partook of the nature of the element from which they had their being: they differed in their power and degree, but the greater part of them were benevolently disposed towards mankind, unless some undeserved harshness or ingratitude changed their original intentions. The gnomes were those who took the principal interest in the affairs of men, and of those who mingled most in the concerns of the people of the district, was an old female who had her abode in the caverns of the Roehen, and who was thence called universally "The old woman of the Roehenfels."

Although she appeared to have reached a very advanced age, she exhibited none of the moroseness which sometimes accompanies increasing years. She was upon excellent terms at all the cottages in the neighbourhood, to all of which she paid frequent visits. Her coming was always welcomed with delight, and by none more than by the young girls, whose minds she amused and whose labours she lightened by the recital of wonderful stories, of which she possessed an inexhaustible stock. Whenever she made her appearance the distaff was the swiftest plied and the soonest ended, and the thread was always spun in the finest and most even manner. The governor of the castle of Eberstein was tyrannous and rapacious. He exercised a severe despotism over his tenantry, from whom he exacted the most unjust and burthensome services. He obliged the men to cultivate his lands without reaping any benefit from their toil, and he required their wives and daughters to spin for him night and day, while he gave them neither sufficient rest, nor food, nor even thanks. Among them was one pretty and amiable young girl, named Clara. She was acknowledged to be the fairest, gentlest, and best of the village maids, and was tenderly beloved by the gardener of the castle, whose affection she returned with equal ardour. Being, however,

only peasants, and the feudal serfs of this proud bad man, they could not marry without the consent of the governor, and whenever they had hitherto asked him for it, they had been always morosely, and, as they thought, unreasonably, refused. Clara, however, loved too well to be easily repulsed, and her duties calling her frequently to the castle, she often renewed her suit. One day when the poor girl had besought him with an eloquent earnestness, to which her tears gave greater effect, to give his consent to her nuptials with the gardener, he led her to the window, and pointing to a small heap in the cemetery he said, with a bitter and demoniac smile, "Do you see that grave?"

"Alas!" sighed Clara, whilst the blinding tears fell from her eyes, "I know it too well—it is the grave of my parents; the protectors of whom destiny has deprived me."

"The thistles grow thickly on it," continued the governor. "I have heard that they make excellent thread. Now I require you to spin from the fibres of those thistles a piece of cloth, sufficiently large to make me a shirt for my wedding day and a shroud for me to be buried in. Do this and I will consent to your marriage; but until then I will never consent."

As he said this the governor left her with a malignant look, and the poor girl remained bewildered and despairing, not knowing what to do nor how to accomplish a request which seemed to be wholly impracticable. She went grieving to her parent's grave, and throwing herself upon it, she wept, then prayed, and then wept again, and displayed so much sorrow, and uttered her regrets so pathetically, that she would almost have melted a heart of stone. At the moment when her sorrow was the wildest and the loudest, the good old woman of the Rochenfels made her appearance, and asked Clara why she wept.

The poor maiden related to her all that had happened—the sternness and unreasonable cruelty of the governor, and his iniquitous demand. The good old woman was much affected by it, but bidding Clara not despair, but wait the result, she then bade her, without delay, to gather the thistles, and Clara having complied, and cut them all down, the old woman tied them up in a bundle and carried them away with her to her cavern in the mountains.

It was a short time after this, and when the stern governor had forgotten he had made such a request, that, hunting in the wood near the Murg, he pursued his prey till he came to Rochenfels, where he saw the old woman sitting tranquilly before her door and spinning. Her wheel went round very fast, the governor

approached her and accosted her in a tone which had in it that spirit of insolent bantering which his unchecked power had given him a licence to indulge in. "Good day, my good old woman," said he, "you work so earnestly that I suppose you are spinning your wedding garment."

"I am spinning—but not for myself—a wedding shirt and a funeral shroud, and they are both at your service," muttered the old woman, without raising her eyes from her work.

"It is very fine linen," said he, examining it more closely. "Where did you get the flax? I suspect it must have been stolen from me."

"Oh, no," replied the old woman, "it is spun from the thistles which grow upon the lowly and forgotten grave of poor Gottfried, one of your best and most faithful followers."

At these words the governor's conscience smote him. He remembered how harshly he had treated the daughter of that honest, faithful follower. He said nothing, but returned to Eberstein very much disturbed, and debated within himself whether he should keep his word with Clara or not. He thought, however, there was no immediate haste, and that the news would cause her so much pleasure, come when it would, that in this way many days passed without his having said any thing on the subject, and he continued of this opinion, till one evening the poor girl entered his room with two vestments of a most beautifully fine texture. "My lord," said she to him, "I have obeyed your commands, and here are the wedding shirt and the funeral shroud, and both of them from thistles from the grave of my poor father and mother."

"Very good," answered the governor, "I will keep my word, you shall be married to-morrow." A smile was on his lips but his heart was heavy, he felt a sensation of terror which he could not get rid of. It might be said that an invisible power compelled him to do every thing: he ordered that Clara should be married to the gardener the following day, and promised to accompany them to church. The morrow came, but when it arrived, he was ill, and, as it appeared, dying, and when Clara and her husband returned from receiving the nuptial benediction, the passing bell sounded for the governor, who was dead. His unreasonable request had been fulfilled to the letter, and fate had given him something beyond. He was buried in his new shroud; his name passed away, but that of the old woman of the Rochenfels has remained, and will remain probably for ever.

PHILOSOPHY FOR THE LADIES.—NO. II.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRESS.

It will not require many arguments in a season like this, to convince our fair readers that dress is an article of some importance; but perhaps it has never struck them, while discussing with their milliner respecting the newest mode, that every thing appertaining to costume might be, and, in fact, ought to be, regulated on philosophical principles. Nothing, however, can, as we are about to show, be more true, and in this particular, at least, we hope to convince them that there is something, after all, really useful in philosophy.

There is a French adage which says that fools invent dresses for wise people to wear, and though this may be sometimes true, we must at once protest against its being generally received. It is somewhat remarkable that English ladies are partial to Parisian female costumes, and that Frenchmen generally follow English male costume. This, however, was more particularly the case fifty years ago than at present. Our mercurial neighbours are in the habit of studying exclusively external things, and hence their dress looks somewhat theatrical. The sober people of other countries, before costume was properly elevated to a fine art, gave them credit for knowledge in these things; but latterly, those who move in the *beau monde* dress with reference to higher models and with a much more correct taste. This is owing, in some measure, to that individual freedom consequent upon superior refinement: every one now may dress after any fashion that pleases, and make themselves ridiculous or agreeable without any apprehension of being dragged before a magistrate for violating the prescribed mode of putting on their clothes. Formerly this was far from being the case: the Greeks appointed public officers who were to see the laws for regulating costume carried into effect; and the Roman emperors continued until the twelfth century to enact statutes against pantaloons and furs! Their anxiety for uniform propriety was but partially successful; but the inutility of their laws did not prevent our ancestors from imitating their example. The English statute-book is full of penal acts of parliament on the subject of costume, and though they were generally despised, this system of petty legislation appears to have had the worst effects on the taste of the people. Their dress was almost always preposterous and vulgar.

None but superficial moralists have ever declaimed against splendid dresses, and their aversion to tasteful costume arose from a misapprehension of the laws of association. Whatever

tends to make any object really beautiful is good ; and the illiterate, as well as the cultivated, are alike ready to associate virtue with beauty : falsehood, says a Welch proverb, can never dwell in the soul of the lovely ; and to this sentiment who has not one time or other assented ?

As all that is captivating in scenery may be reduced to the three orders of the *beautiful*, the *picturesque*, and the *sublime*, so may beauty of form and countenance be divided into the three orders of the *graceful*, the *harmonic*, and the *magnificent*. The *magnificent* applies to the indication of mind and manner in man ; the *graceful* to softness, delicacy, and benevolence in woman ; the *harmonic* consists in that exquisite indication of every shade of feeling, and in that union of the graceful and the magnificent in both, which, as it is the most uncommon, is more captivating than either. Admiration of beauty, whether in bodies, morals, or in scenery, may be denominated instructive : hence Plato called beauty, *Nature's masterpiece* ; and believed that the pleasure arising from it was the result of a remembrance of visions enjoyed in a former state of existence. Theophrastus esteemed it a *silent fraud* ; and the Carneades called it a *silent rhetoric*. "It is a quality," says Xenophon, "upon which Nature has affixed the stamp of royalty ;" and the reason it has been so much admired in every age, is, because our souls are essences from the very source of beauty, harmony and perfection. Aristotle defined beauty "order in grandeur ;" order involving symmetry ; and grandeur uniting simplicity and majesty. Father André defined it "variety reduced to unity by symmetry and harmony." One description of theorists however maintain, that beauty is nothing but illusion ; having no more positive existence, than colour. As well may we assert, that the nerves are conductors of electric fluids ; that all matter is representative ; or that all virtue is illusive ; as to doubt the existence of beauty and deformity. Beauty, "bear witness earth and heaven !" by being the result of association, is not the less positive on that account. For every object, which awakens pleasure in the mind, is beautiful ; since it possesses some internal or external quality, which produces the sensation of pleasure. Whatever excites agreeable emotion, therefore, possesses some intrinsic quality of beauty. Hence the term beauty may be applied to every thing which gives serenity or pleasure to the mind ; from a woman to a problem ; from a planet to a tree or a flower. Hence arises the intimate connexion between beauty and virtue ; and as nothing produces so many agreeable emotions, as the practice of virtue (for virtue is a medal,

whose reverse is happiness), whatever is virtuous, or conducive thereto, is really and essentially as beautiful as a carnation always in bloom, or a group of angels in the Assumption of Guido.

In the true spirit of this doctrine, Wieland, the celebrated German poet, has written a dialogue, conceived in the manner, and executed with much of the sweetness and delicacy of Plato. He imagines Socrates to surprise Timoclea, a captivating Athenian virgin, at her toilet; dressed for a solemn festival in honour of Diana; attired in all the beauty of nature and in all the luxuriance of art. His surprising her in this manner, gave rise to a dialogue, in which the subject of real and apparent beauty is philosophically discussed. The arguments are summed up by Timoclea, at the end of the discourse; in which she declares herself a convert to that fine moral doctrine, which teaches, that nothing is beautiful, which is not good; and nothing good, but what is, at the same time, intrinsically beautiful. This union of virtue, happiness, and beauty, is in strict conformity to the doctrines of the ancient Platonists, and the evidence of experience. For, as affinity acts upon bodies in contact, and gravitation upon bodies at immeasurable distances, so virtue, partaking of the nature of both, has the power of combining all minds, rightly disposed, of whatever country, and at whatever distance, in the persuasion that beauty and virtue are one; and that, from their union, must, at one time or other, proceed a long and lasting happiness.

Having shown that costume is calculated to exercise a powerful effect on morals, we proceed to the philosophy of dress, and it is simply this; whatever produces a definite, consistent, and agreeable effect upon the mind is becoming; and costume, unless it produces all these, cannot be considered either elegant or tasteful. The principles from which this conclusion is accurately deduced are capable of being familiarly explained. An object which is large above and small below, has an air of lightness about it; but when enlarged at the base and diminished at the top, a different impression is made. Thus when the painter wants to represent a stately dame, he gives her a flowing train and a small head-dress; but the lively girl is always drawn with large hat or bonnet, and a short dress.

It may be said, however, that fashion sets at defiance all reasoning and argument, and that a more beautiful dress when out of fashion is less attractive than one of inferior construction when in it. But we must observe, that one of the circumstances which here induces variations of taste, equally influences the fine arts, to which fixed principles are denied by none. This circumstance

is novelty—novelty, without which the senses would cease to be excited—novelty, so alluring to, so irresistible by the young, that it is inseparable from the idea of youth, and that the most striking characteristic of age is its absence. In gesture, in sculpture, in painting, in rhetoric, in poetry, in music, who, that feels at all, feels not the charm of novelty; yet, of these arts, it never subverts the principles. And is it then to be expected that in costume, of which the subjects as directly address the senses, and as deeply interest the imagination—is it to be expected that novelty should there cease to operate?—is it not reasonable to expect that it should operate even more? The same love of novelty which is the parent of fashion, is also in some measure the cause why all classes are so industrious in pursuing its changes: this makes fashion so universally followed, and is the true reason why the most awkward are as fond of it as the most genteel, who give a grace to every thing they wear.

There are other causes which produce variations in taste. "The influence of fashion," says Mr. Alison, "in producing so frequent revolutions in the sentiments of men, with regard to the beauty of those objects to which it extends, and in disposing us to neglect or to despise at one time the objects which we considered as beautiful before, may perhaps be explained upon the same principle. Fashion may be considered in general as the custom of the great. It is the dress, the furniture, the language, the manners of the great world, which constitute what is called the fashion in each of these articles, and which the rest of mankind are in such haste to adopt after their example. Whatever the real beauty or propriety of these articles may be, it is not in this light that we consider them. They are the signs of that elegance, and taste, and splendour, which is so liberally attributed to elevated rank; they are associated with the consequence which such situations bestow; and they establish a kind of external distinction between this envied station, and those humble and mortifying conditions of life, to which no man is willing to belong. It is in the light therefore of this connexion only that we are disposed to consider them; and they accordingly affect us with the same emotion of delight which we receive from the consideration of taste or elegance in more permanent instances. As soon, however, as this association is destroyed, as soon as the caprice or the inconstancy of the great have introduced other usages in their place, our opinion of their beauty is immediately destroyed. The quality which was formerly so pleasing or so interesting in them, the quality which alone we considered, is now

appropriated to other objects, and our admiration readily transfers itself to those newer forms which have risen into distinction from the same cause. The forsaken fashion, whatever may be its real or intrinsic beauty, falls, for the present at least, into neglect or contempt; because, either our admiration of it was founded only upon that quality which it has lost, or because it has now descended to the inferior ranks, and is of consequence associated with ideas of meanness and vulgarity. A few years bring round again the same fashion. The same association attends it, and our admiration is renewed as before. It is on the same account, that they who are most liable to the seduction of fashion, are people on whose minds the slightest associations have a strong effect. A plain man is incapable of such associations; a man of sense is above them; but the young and frivolous, whose principles of taste are either unformed, or whose minds are unable to maintain any settled opinions, are apt to lose sight of every other quality in such objects, but their relation to the practice of the great, and, of course, to suffer their sentiments of beauty to vary with the caprice of this practice. It is the same cause which attaches the old to the fashions of their youth. They are associated with the memory of their better days, with a thousand recollections of happiness and gaiety, and heartfelt pleasures, which they experience now no more. The fashions of modern times have no such pleasing associations to them. They are connected to them only with ideas of thoughtless gaiety, or childish caprice. It is the fashions of their youth alone, therefore, that they consider as beautiful."

Fashion, however, though constantly varying, cannot, nor ought not, subvert those obvious principles upon which all that is really beautiful and pleasing in dress depend. The first principle of costume is, that a loose drapery which adjusts itself partly by hanging, and partly by wrapping around the figure, is preferable to the tighter dress which is chiefly adjusted by its make and form.

There are two reasons of this superiority: firstly, a loose drapery is always cooler in summer, warmer in winter, and at both seasons less adapted to transmit sudden changes of temperature than a tight dress.—This reason regards *utility*. Secondly, a loose drapery may always be disposed either beautifully or grandly: a tight dress is always ugly, and generally ridiculous.—This reason regards *expression*.

We recognise in the Grecian statues, loose flowing robes, which strike at once as grand and beautiful; and since these came

to be admired in Europe, which was soon after the French Revolution, the stiff and formal costume of our ancestors has been laid aside. Dress may be said now to vary only in the elevation or depression of the waist: it is sometimes very high and sometimes very low; but its tendency is to return to an intermediate place, which may be pronounced both natural and becoming.

The investments of the whole figure which are most commonly used are shawls or scarfs. The shawl is adapted only for tall and thin figures; but it admits of no very fine effects even for them, while it is ruinous to shorter and *en-bon-point* figures, however beautifully formed. The scarf is better adapted for all figures: it corresponds exactly to the *pelium* of the ancient Grecian women, and it admits of the same expressive arrangements.

We may now make a few remarks on some of the particular forms of female attire, beginning with that of the head. The veil must be noticed first. It is the most elegant of all. Its loose and easy folds are at once beautiful in themselves, and form a fine contrast with the contour of the countenance. Its shade, moreover, at once heightens the beholder's interest, and, by concealing all the asperities of the face, gives it that smoothness and polish which are essential to a high degree of beauty. To this the transparent bonnets which have prevailed so much of late, more or less approach. A person having an oval face may wear a bonnet with wide front, exposing the lower part of the cheeks. One having a round face should wear a closer front; and if the jaw is wide, it may in appearance be diminished by bringing the corners of the bonnet sloping to the point of the chin. The Scottish bonnet seems to suit youth alone. If a mixture of archness and of innocence do not blend in the countenance which wears it, it gives a theatrical and bold air. Hats always give a masculine look; and those turned up before give a pert air. A long neck may have the neck of the bonnet descending, the neck of the dress rising, and filling more or less of the intermediate space. A short neck should have the whole bonnet short and close in the perpendicular direction, and the neck of the dress neither high nor wide.

In the composition of colours for dress, there ought to be one predominating colour, to which the rest should be subordinate. As painters

"Permit not two conspicuous lights to shine
With rival radiance in the same design;"

so in dress, one half of the body should never be distinguished by one colour, and the other by another. Whatever divides the at-

tention, diminishes the beauty of the object; and though each part, taken separately, may appear beautiful, yet, as a whole, the effect is destroyed.

The subordinate colours should bear a certain relation to the predominating one; and they should be in harmony with each other. Predominating colours are best relieved by contrast; but the contrast should not be so strong as to equal the colour it is intended to relieve, for it then becomes opposition, which should always be avoided. Contrast, skilfully managed, gives force and lustre to the colour relieved, while opposition destroys its effect. The choice of the predominating colour will be indicated chiefly by the complexion of the wearer.

When it is the defect of a face to contain too much yellow, then yellow around the face removes it by contrast, and causes the red and blue to predominate. When it is the fault of a face to contain too much red, then red around the face removes it by contrast, and causes the yellow and blue to predominate. When it is the fault of a face to contain too much blue, then blue around the face removes it by contrast, and causes the yellow and red to predominate. When it is the fault of a face to contain too much yellow and red, then orange is to be used. When it is the fault of a face to contain too much red and blue, then purple is to be used. When it is the fault of a face to contain too much blue and yellow, then green is to be used.

We now arrive at an important point in female costume—the lining of bonnets which reflect their colour on the face, or transparent bonnets which transmit that colour, and equally tinge it. In both these cases, the colour should no longer be that which is placed around the face, and acts on it by contrast, but the opposite. As green around the face would heighten a faint red in the cheeks by contrast, so the pink lining of the bonnet would aid it by reflection.

We may now consider the texture of dress. Fineness and thinness are of course generally preferable to their reverse. Their roughness or smoothness admits of some observation. In general, fine surfaces which are somewhat rough, form a good contrast with the smoothness of the skin, as in velvet, crape, lace, &c. The opacity or transparency of materials also deserves consideration. With regard to the figure in general, an opaque dress is better suited to an *en-bon-point* figure; and a transparent dress to a thin one. With regard to the face in particular, transparency of the dress which comes in contact with it, is in general preferable. Rough and transparent crape has a better effect upon it

than smooth and opaque cambric. Respecting the hair we shall give the poet's advice—

“ The hair disposed, may gain or lose a grace,
And m^{uch} become or misbecome the face.
What suits your features of your glass inquire,
For no one rule is fix'd for head attire.
A face too long should part and flat the hair,
Lest, upward comb'd, the length too much appear :
So Laodamia dress'd. A face too round
Should show the ears, and with a tower be crown'd.”

WINKELRIED OF LEMPACH.

[“ At the famous battle of Lempach, in 1385, the last which Austria presumed to try against the forest cantons, the enemy's knights, dismounted from their horses, presented an impregnable barrier of lances, which disconcerted the Swiss, till Winkelried, a gentleman of Uunderwald, commending his wife and children to his countrymen, threw himself upon the opposite ranks, and collecting as many lances as he could grasp, forced a passage for his followers by burying them in his bosom.”—*State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, Vol. II. p. 157.]

DEEP through the sunny air,
As the wild morn is mounting into light,
With trumpet's blast, and clarion's voice of war,
The mountains echo to the gathering might
Of patriots, young and bright ;
And the proud forest-tree, and laurel's green,
Are wreathing round the lance's sery sheen.

Up from your mountain bed,
Helvetia's children of the lake and wood ;
Up ! for the spirit voices of the dead,
Wrapp'd in thunder, over fell and flood,
Call to the feast of blood ;
And the high crest of mailed kern and knight
Shall find a gory couch, ere dusk of night.

Oh ! 'tis a stirring hour—
An hour to wake the loneliest heart to life,
When an exulting nation, in their power
Of late-born freedom, maddening for the strife,
And whet the thirsty knife ;
With the young sun-beam, glancing from its heaven,
On many a brow that shall not see the even !

Hark ! 'tis a fearful sound—
The rush and roar of battle on the blast,
The charger foaming o'er the gory ground,
And the broad banners to the high heaven cast,
Ere the dark hour hath pass'd,
In which the deeds of mortal prowess doom
In woe and blood their thousands to the tomb !

They yield ! they yield ! 'tis o'er,
And freedom sleeps upon a reeking bier ;
Helvetia's manhood totters, and the gore
Of their heart's-blood is freedom's funeral tear.

Down with the sword and spear,
And bid the Alpine vulture make a grave,
Within its ravenous bowels, for the brave.

Nor yet. Awake! awake!
 Down from your birth-place in the hills afar,
 Fling forth the banner, let your falchions slake
 Their flagging thirst in the rich tide of war;
 And yon pale evening star,
 That trembled, as it rose upon the yielding fray,
 Shall look on conquest's field ere blush of day.

Strong in his high thought, forth
 An eagle warrior rushes from the band:
 "My children and my lov'd wife, by our hearth
 Of happiness, within our hill-zon'd land,
 Give *them* the friendly hand
 Of succour, when *I* shall be with the dead:"—
 He grasp'd his sword, and to the dark ranks sped.

Valour within his eye,
 And glory flashing from his giant spear,
 Winkelried spurs him, where the lances lie
 To greet the warrior on their edge of fear!
 Struck to his soldier bier,
 He shouts the shout unto the hills around,
 And victory floats upon the answering sound.

Wreaths for the glorious brave!
 His death is on the field, which he hath won,
 And garlands droop around his simple grave—
 Sad gifts from fair Helvetia to her son,
 Who served her mountain throne:
 And aye, at eve, as the faint shadows fall,
 Her maidens bring sweet flowers to scent his pall!

London, January 7, 1828,

D. S. L.

TO A NAMELESS ONE.

I HAVE known thee in happier hour,
 When youth shed its sweet halo o'er thee;
 Thy beauty was then in its flower,
 Oh, how did my young heart adore thee.
 My love for thee then was as bright
 As the warm glow o'er thy soft cheek playing,
 Yet my thoughts, though impassion'd, were light
 As the ringlet around that cheek straying.

The rude blasts of sorrow have now
 From their soft seats young Hope's blossoms shaken,
 Care's impress is stamp'd on thy brow,
 Health's roses thy cheeks have forsaken.

Yet oh, though no more thine eye glances
 An ardent untroubled confession,
 It has something that wildlier entrances,
 A fonder, a deeper expression.

And though I gaze on thee no more,
 But with thoughts that check hope's careless folly,
 Thou know'st 'tis because I adore
 With a passion too ardent and holy.

CHARLES M.

THE TANIST'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF IRISH HISTORY.

By the Author of "Tales of Irish Life."

EARLY one morning in the summer of 1308, a large crowd of persons had assembled in the neighbourhood of Thomas Gate, as the north-west entrance to the Irish metropolis was called; it consisted chiefly of females, children, and elderly men; and from the anxiety which was pictured upon every countenance, it was apparent that they were in expectation of some intelligence in which the inhabitants of Dublin were deeply interested. Some were engaged in audible prayer, and some endeavoured to banish fear from themselves and others by prognostications of good news. A few citizens mounted guard upon the battlements; and though the duty of a sentinel was then but imperfectly understood, they felt that a certain responsibility was imposed upon them, and accordingly showed, in their consequential strut backwards and forwards, that they were vain of their arms, and perhaps more vain of their persons. The bow was flung upon their backs, and one or two were clothed in coats of mail. To the unwieldy two-handed sword, the Irish skein was added, and here and there the halbert lay carelessly against the wall of the prison, for Newgate then stood about the spot where Thomas Street now commences.

"I wonder," said one, "how do Negle's irons agree with M'Balthor's legs, within here?" and he knocked his heel against the exterior wall of the prison.

"He's little concerned, I wot," replied his companion, "for he'll soon dance an Irish trot on Hog's Green."

"Not by himself," said the first; "I hope our townsmen have been successful enough to afford a few to keep him company."

"And 'twere a pity, too," said a third, "for what worse is he than the O'Birns and O'Tooles? he steals fat cattle and fat aldermen, and so do they; yet we hang the one and pay Black Mail to the others."

"'Tis all a case," said the first speaker, "the heads of the wild Irish rebels should grace these spikes here that stand in want of their usual ornaments since the M'Tuhills, or O'Tooles as you call them, forced us to strip them; but, please heaven, we will recover our credit by and by, and hang every man of them. There can be no peace for the pale while these O'Tooles live."

"That's but too true," rejoined the third, "and this had long since been the case, were not the colony dealt hard with by plagues and famines."

For centuries subsequent to the invasion of Leinster, the English power was circumscribed in Ireland: the Normans, who inhabited the pale, as a limited district around the metropolis was called, were regarded merely as the successors of the Esterlings; as a people to be at once respected for their bravery and plundered for their wealth. The distant riaghs, or chieftains, were too much occupied in defending their little kingdoms, or invading those of their neighbours, to bestow any consideration on the English colony, but those who lived in the immediate neighbourhood of the metropolis frequently inflicted indignities upon the English subjects. They were occasionally compelled to purchase the forbearance of surrounding chieftains by an annual tribute, denominated Black Mail. To do the hardy colony justice, they were not insensible to the disgrace; and when opportunity presented itself, were not slow to resume their independence, and refuse compliance with the compact to which their necessities, not their wills, consented. Such, however, were the misfortunes of the pale, that it was seldom in a condition, for any length of time, to withstand the hostile irruptions of the Birns, Toolles, and Cavanaghs, whose possessions stretched from the river Barrow, which divides Kilkenny from Wexford, to within a few miles of Dublin. When plagues and famine—and they were frequent in their recurrence—had thinned the inhabitants, or when distant and fatal expeditions—for they once invaded Scotland—had impaired their resources, the O'Birns or the O'Toolles were sure to pour down upon them, and retire only with hostages as an assurance that the Black Mail would be paid in future.

A combination of calamities had some time previous to the year 1308, compelled the citizens of Dublin to submit to a renewal of the indignity, and Robert le Decer, the son of the provost, was detained as a hostage for the fulfilment of the terms imposed by the O'Toole of Glendalough. In these days, as well as in modern times, political compacts endured no longer than as it suited the interests of the contracting parties to act up to the terms of the treaty, and hostilities were frequently commenced at the expense of those who remained as securities in the hands of the enemy.

This morning the more feeble part of the population had assembled without the city walls, in expectation of the return of their martial friends, who had the previous day proceeded to make reprisals on the O'Mores of Leix, as the inhabitants of the Queen's County were then called. As the morning advanced their anxiety increased, and they apprehended the worst, when a

voice from the top of the battlement called out, "They come! they come!"

This was followed by a shout of exultation, and in a few minutes the black banner which the citizens bore in times of hostility became visible on the heights of Kilmainham, in the midst of columns of dust, which intimated the approach of the cavalcade. The crowd now simultaneously rushed forward to greet the martial citizens, whose heroism on this occasion was crowned with victory. John le Decer, the provost, for Dublin had then no lord mayor, bowed to the greeting multitude as he rode in the van of his companions, who followed in that disorder which then characterized the movements of hostile numbers. Here and there the head of an Irish enemy was elevated upon a pole, and the sight of the bleeding fragment did not seem to damp the joy of the citizens.

Huddled together, about twenty prisoners marched along amidst the jeers and insults of their captors; but, undismayed at the probable fate which awaited them, they acknowledged the ungenerous treatment of the victors by looks in which scorn and despair were intimately blended. These kerns exhibited in their persons a fair specimen of the Irish soldier of the period, and the *tout ensemble* was such as to elicit the admiration of their enemies. The absurd customs of other climes had not been then introduced into the island; nature was allowed to exert her privileges, and the result was the full development of manly beauty. Tall, but elegantly proportioned, their sinewy limbs and elastic frames indicated the utmost activity; and it would seem that they were conscious of the possession of physical beauty, for their dress was studiously adapted to give the utmost effect to their personal endowments. The trews adhered closely to the limbs, and the vest, like ancient armour, accommodated itself to the inequalities of the body; while the mantle of the kerns, from its shortness, being not longer than a modern pelerine, did not conceal any part of the body, or restrain the wearer from personal exertion. At the period to which we allude, the barred, or cap, was not universally worn. Fond of long flowing locks, the hair was considered as a sufficient covering for the head; and, unlike the Saxons, who shaved the upper lip, the Irish, in anticipation, as it would appear, of modern times, shaved the chin, but cherished formidable mustachios.

Such was the dress worn by the captives, who now stared around them with vague feelings of regret and revenge; while the proud citizens, clothed in their leathern doublets, regarded

them as mere ferocious savages, whom it was meritorious to rob and butcher, when either could be done with impunity. Besides this *prey*, there were a hundred head of black cattle, the sight of which increased the general joy.

All was now bustle and gladness ; the public had no sympathy with the few who mourned the relations who were killed, or had fallen into the hands of the enemy, as the Irish then really were.

In a short time the city authorities were assembled. They congratulated each other on the success of their *hosting* into the O'Mores' country ; for though the citizens depended chiefly on trade, they sometimes imitated the barons and great men of the age, by resorting to very summary, if not very honest, means of enriching themselves. Flushed with victory, they resolved to follow up their success, and instead of paying Black Mail to the M'Tuhills, they determined to make an incursion into their country. Here, however, a difficulty arose ; it was recollected that Robert le Decer was an hostage at Glendalough, and any violation of the compact on their parts would certainly place his life in some danger. This puzzled the good citizens, and after some hours spent in discussion, they adjourned undecided, to digest that, along with other matters, in the hall of the tholsel, where those good things were prepared, which martial, as well as peaceable citizens delight to discuss.

The gates were shut, and the citizens had sought repose, when the provost was shown into a dark, damp dungeon of the city prison. "Do you sleep, M'Balthor?" inquired the provost, as he held the lanthorn to the face of a man, who, wrapped in his mantle, sat silently upon a rude stone, the only furniture of the place.

"Sleep," repeated the prisoner, sarcastically, looking around him and snuffing up the filthy odour of the place ; "where, Saxon, would you have me stretch myself? besides, I can't afford to sleep just now."

"For planning some new scheme of robbery?"

"Of vengeance you mean," interrupted the prisoner.

"It may be so," returned the provost, "but first the laws must take vengeance upon you. You have burnt our dwellings, you have butchered our citizens, you have robbed us——"

"Of useless *pollards*,"* interrupted the prisoner. "But," he continued, rising, "who are you who makes the charge? only this day you have pillaged an Irish country, and butchered an unoffending people, and yet you come and reproach M'Balthor."

* Base coin.

"You mistake me," said the chief magistrate, "I come on an errand of friendship, if you choose to seek the English protection, and accept of English gratitude."

The prisoner raised his eyes in wonder.

"You know the M'Tuhill of Glendalough," continued the provost; "within the rath, as he calls it, of that chieftain, is detained as an hostage an only son of mine."

"I know the remainder," interrupted the prisoner "you have such an abhorrence of robbery, that you want me to *steal* even M'Tuhill's hostage. And suppose I do, what then?"

"Twenty ounces of pure gold will be your reward; but if not——"

"Never mind the rest; I know what you was going to say;—if not, M'Balthor's locks will float in the morning's breeze from the top of Newgate. Better men have even met a worse fate; but am I at liberty? Unloose these fetters, and the young sassanach shall be here before ten days expire, to feed upon the O'Mores' beef."

The provost led M'Balthor out of the prison, and the wicket being unlocked, the outlaw regained his liberty. By the light of the moon the shadows of half a dozen heads were distinctly seen upon the open space before the gate, reflected from their "bad eminence" over the barrier, and instinctively the robber turned to look upon them. "Fortune," he ejaculated, "is still favourable: the Saxons have not yet ornamented their skeins with my sconce, and by St. Patrick 'twill be my fault if ever they do. But—" he paused—"aye, that will do," he continued, and having mentally formed his future plans, he strode rapidly forward.

The reader need not be told of the exact geographical position of Glendalough; it is situated in the most romantic part of the county of Wicklow, about twenty miles from Dublin, and derives its name from two picturesque lakes, which are surrounded by wild and rugged hills. The district once belonged to the M'Tuhills or O'Tooles, who exercised the duties of royalty for centuries subsequent to the reign of Henry II. Previous to the twelfth century, they occasionally swayed the sceptre of Leinster; and, in later times, ruled, conjointly with the O'Birns and the O'Kavanaghs, that long ridge of hills which stretch from the county of Kilkenny to within a few miles of Dublin. Their jurisdiction was acknowledged by the English monarchs; and the election of the riagh was still regulated by those Gothic customs—for they were not Celts—which were based on national independence.

At the period to which our tale relates, a M'Tuill was raised to the chieftaincy, and, like the predecessors of his family, he took up his abode in the venerable city of Glendalough. In early life he was distinguished for an active bravery, and his many successes in war had no small share in procuring his elevation to the chief command. Age, however, had not diminished his desire of glory, and the neighbouring toparchs still showed, by their submission, that they dreaded at once his skill and bravery.

Glendalough was then the abode of piety, and somewhat of opulence: its splendid churches—its many religious edifices—now an undistinguished heap of ruins—necessarily begot an active and industrious population; and, as a certain refinement had begun to prevail, those who wished to distinguish themselves otherwise than by deeds of arms took up their residence where luxury might display itself, and devotion find security from hostile interruption. The dwellings of laymen were similar to those of other nations—hastily constructed of such materials as convenience recommended. The Irish excelled in constructing houses of wood; and such was the case at Glendalough. The habitation of the riagh or chief was spacious and lofty; and, as hospitality was the characteristic of the times, the hall was constantly crowded with guests. The insecurity of the period did not allow of expenditure in ornaments.

At a short distance from this primitive palace stood the mansion of the Tanist. To him was committed the care of the national finances, and as the different hostages were connected with these, they of course resided in his house. Though eager to overreach each other, and though not a whit more sincere than the statesmen of modern times, there was a rude honour and individual confidence amongst men which were highly favourable to social intercourse and toleration. Vengeance was then prompt and rife, but the cool calculating tyranny of advanced civilization was unknown. The hostages were treated with kindness; there was no jealous watching, no secrecy observed. The strangers found themselves the guests of friends rather than of enemies, and had nothing to regret except a temporary absence from home.

Young le Decer at first wondered at every thing he saw; but a few weeks served to convince him that the habits and manners of the people approximated very closely to those of Englishmen; among whom he had spent several years of his boyhood. Their customs, so different from those of the citizens of Dublin—the gaiety of their disposition, their careless indolence, their carousals, music and revelry, as well as their martial vauntings,

filled the youthful hostage with sentiments of admiration; and when contrasted with the sober monotony of a town life, left within his breast a vague desire to adopt the Irish and forego the English customs. Perhaps love had some influence upon his meditations. The Tanist had an only daughter, whose youth and beauty were well calculated to make an impression upon a mind formed for the admission of tender sentiments. Dorgiva shared in common with her then unsophisticated countrywomen all those graces of person which "need not the foreign aid of ornament," but her vicinity to the abode of religious societies afforded her an opportunity of cultivating her various talents, and acquiring a degree of mind which is necessary to make the attractions of beauty irresistible and permanent.

In Le Decer she soon discovered talents similar to her own; and, without any motive but the desire of conversing with one familiar with kindred studies, she did not offer any formidable resistance to the temptation of his society. On his part he was at first ambitious to please, but mere acts of gallantry soon yielded dominion to sentiments of regard; and though he never ventured upon an avowal, there was a mutual understanding, as distinct and ample as if declarations had been made and accepted.

When the first flush of happiness, however, had subsided, and reflection came, as it often does, to administer draughts of bitterness, there was felt by each an undefined sentiment of alarm; they belonged to families and nations irrevocably opposed to each other, and whose national prejudices would never sanction a union between individuals belonging to the mere Irish and English colonists. But love is seldom unsuccessful in administering balm to wounded spirits; their fears were heard only in privacy and solitude; for they no sooner came into each others society, than every sentiment but those of tenderness and regard was banished from their bosoms. Dorgiva touched her harp with animation, and Le Decer listened with that rich rapture which a lover only can feel when listening to skilful melody, poured from the ripe lips of a beloved mistress.

The encroachments of evening were no where felt so soon and so decidedly as at Glendalough. The surrounding hills, then clothed in rich foliage, in intercepting the rays of the declining sun, served to throw a sombre shade over the romantic valley; and, as the tolling of the bells of the different monasteries inviting to prayer, and the chant of the pious monks instilling reverence and devotion, commingled, as it were, with the stillness of evening, the hour was felt as one of tranquil gladness, mellowed by

religious hope, and calculated to awaken the best and purest feelings of the human heart. On such an evening Dorgiva and Le Decer strolled along the margin of the lake towards the sequestered abode of a pious recluse, whose austerities and simplicity had left scepticism no room to doubt of his sincerity. It had not been their first visit; and the good old man felt pleased with the attention, and repaid it by impressing upon their minds brief moral maxims and practical precepts, relating to religious duties. On this occasion he was more diffuse than usual, and his pupils were detained beyond the usual hour of departure. Just as they arose a person entered, another followed, and presently the rude abode of the anchorite was filled with armed strangers.

"What mean ye my sons?" asked the hermit; "whom seek you here?"

"The son of the Saxon provost," was the reply.

"M'Walter," said Dorgiva, addressing the leader of the band as her lover drew his sword, "Robert le Decer is an hostage in the hands of the O'Toole."

"And a captive in the hands of Dorgiva," answered the outlaw; "but we shall find one better befitting a daughter of Erin than a base sassanach churl, even though it were M'Walter, or rather M'Balthor, for such, fair lady, is my real name."

This intelligence was astounding. M'Balthor was notorious for his deeds of robbery and bloodshed; but under the assumed name of M'Walter had gained admittance to the hearth of the Tanist, and made proposals for the hand of his daughter. Dorgiva, however, had an instinctive abhorrence of the man, and loathed him with that strong hatred which woman feels for an obtrusive suitor. The sad reality now flashed upon her; and, before she could make any reply to the alarming intimation contained in his last words, his followers laid rude hands upon herself and her lover, and bore them blindfolded from the hermitage. Le Decer made all possible resistance, but his struggles were in vain; and, though he had every reason to feel alarmed on his own account, he thought only of the unprotected Dorgiva.

It was about midnight when his captors came to a halt; and, from some lights visible at a distance, he fancied that they could not be far from Dublin. His conjecture was right; in less than an hour he was delivered into the hands of his father, and soon after entered the city. Here he learned the solution of the mystery; and, with the ingenuousness of youth, he made his father the depository of his secret—of his love for the Tanist's daughter. She was now, he said, in the hands of the robber, and fear-

ful consequences were to be apprehended unless speedily rescued from a situation so calamitous. Instead of manifesting any pity for Dorgiva, any sympathy for the feelings of the lover, the provost gave way to his anger, and convinced his son that he had only one alternative, either to forego his love for the Tanist's daughter, or forfeit the friendship of his father. His choice was soon made; despising the dishonourable means by which he had been surreptitiously withdrawn from Glendalough, he hastily quitted the city the next morning, and quickly regained the country of the O'Toole's. The war cry was instantly raised; the hill resounded with hostile music; and, when the citizens came out a *hosting*, as they called it, they experienced a reception very different from that which they met from the O'Mores of Leix. The successful Irish pursued them to the Damegate; and, after a vigorous assault, carried the city by storm. Convinced of their error, the citizens renewed the treaty, paid additional Black Mail, and gave new hostages.

In the mean time Dorgiva had not been discovered. "Give me twenty of these brave fellows for companions," said Le Decer, "and I'll pledge myself to restore the maiden to her friends."

"The Saxon speaks boldly," said M'Tuhill, "and well deserves our confidence. Let it be as he desires."

Armed with the Irish lance and the battle axe, Le Decer and his companions set forward; and, after two days' search, were fortunate enough to come up with the fugitives. M'Balthor made a desperate resistance, but was ultimately overpowered. He could give, however, no account of Dorgiva; being left, he said, in the care of one of his followers on the night of the abduction, she was rescued from him, but by whom he was quite ignorant. Le Decer thought this unsatisfactory, and accordingly carried the outlaw a prisoner to Glendalough. Here he repeated the same story, but with equal success, and the Brehon was about to condemn him to die—a punishment reserved solely for the violator of woman's honour—when Dorgiva made her appearance. She had been fortunately rescued by a party of the O'Birns, who heard her shriek as they passed, and who now restored her to her friends.

This completely altered the nature of M'Balthor's offence. The Brehon repaired to the *mote*, an artificial eminence; the people stood in a circle around, and the accusation was heard. The law allowed only a mulct, and the robber was on the point of being discharged on the payment of twenty cows, when it was suggested by the O'Toole that, being on terms of amity with the

Saxons, the prisoner ought to be transmitted to Dublin, there to experience the mercy of the Norman laws. This advice was instantly acted upon; and the chronicle of the day says, "This year, 1308, William M'Balthor, alias M'Walter, a great robber and incendiary, was condemned by the lord justice Wogan, and was drawn at a horse's tail to the gallows, and there executed."

Robert le Decer, having given mortal offence to the citizens, no longer hesitated to adopt the manners of the Irish; and, on his marriage with Dorgiva, which soon after took place, assumed the name of O'Toole;* and now "lives in the verse that immortality saves." His father mourned his loss, but refused to see him. Childless, as he regarded himself, he spent his fortune in public works; and city records make honourable mention of his name.

LINES WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A LADY.

Hush'd was the storm; the thunder ceas'd to roll;
The lightning's flash no more illum'd the skies;
And raging hurricanes, that shook the pole,
Were still'd and murmur'd in the zephyr's sighs.

Heaven's canopy, in midnight darkness veil'd,
Again was brightened by returning day;
The welcome change reviving Nature hail'd,
Once more exulting in the sunny ray.

I hastened forth, to visit Flora's bower,
To see what wreck the tempest there had made,
And I beheld full many a weeping flower,
Its beauties all in prostrate ruin laid.

Crush'd was the lily's head, that just before
In virgin white above the rest was rear'd;
The hyacinth and daffodil no more
In humble dress arrayed, erect appear'd.

The fragrant jessamine, and passion-flower,
That with the honeysuckle had entwin'd
In close and fond embrace, around the bower
Were torn and scattered by the ruthless wind,

A rose alone remained; its fragile stem
Was bent, not broken, shelter'd in deep shade;
Bright on its blushing bosom, like a gem,
A sparkling rain-drop fell, and lingering staid.

And as I paus'd to view the beauteous flower,
Its leaves disordered, and its head all drooping;
Its comrades scattered by the unpitying shower,
Itself in lonely desolation stooping,

* In Pembridge's annals we find that Pierce de Gaveston, the king's favourite, being made lord lieutenant, after his banishment from England, defeated the O'Toole's; and, having scoured the pass between Keivin Castle and Glendalough, made his offering at the shrine of St. Keivin.

"Sweet little rose," I cried, "and does thy form
So slender, when the strongest have in vain
Essayed to bear the fury of the storm,
Alone survive, in solitude to reign ?

"But no; thy reign is ended; for before
Thy head can rise again in modest pride,
Another storm will come, and lay thee lower,
Thy beauty gone, thy fair leaves scattered wide.

"Oh! how thy hapless destiny recalls
The memory of one I've often seen;
Whose fairy form upon my vision falls,
So angel-like, so gentle, and serene.

"Bright as the drop thy ruffled leaves enclose,
Her beaming eyes in pleasing softness shine;
And maiden blushes on her cheek repose,
More glowing far and beautiful than thine.

"Her virgin modesty new charms reveals,
In manners mild and gentle as the dove;
But yet, alas! her snowy breast conceals
A heart that pines away in hopeless love.

"I've seen her o'er her plaintive lyre reclining,
And as she wak'd each chord in melting strain,
She sigh'd for him, for whom she was repining,
Far distant, and beyond the watery main.

"I've seen her mingling in the joyous throng—
No smile upon her brow would radiate—
Pensive she sat, 'midst music, dance, and song,
As a lone bird that mourned its absent mate.

"Like unto thee, sweet rose, she droops the head;
And grief has mark'd its traces on her brow;
Soon shall the ruddy blush her cheek have fled,
Destin'd beneath affliction's hand to bow."

Thus as I spoke and gaz'd, a sun-beam shed
A partial radiance on the drooping flower,
Gently again uprose its fallen head,
And own'd the genial ray's reviving power.

"So," I exclaimed, "a bright celestial ray
Of hope shall on her aching bosom rest;
Each tear of silent sorrow chase away,
Relume her cheek, and still her troubled breast."

G. D —.

EPIGRAM

ON A PLAIN, BUT FINELY-DRESSED LADY, OF THE NAME OF
ROOKE.

When first I saw Chloe,
With feathers so showy,
I was wondrously struck with her look;
But when the next morning
I call'd without warning,
I found she was only a—Rook!

W. L.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

THE publishing season may now be said to have fairly commenced; and during the preceding month some valuable works have made their appearance. In light reading, the number of new books has, of course, been considerable, and among them are some really very entertaining ones. No one reads now, it would appear, but for pleasure, for even physicians are beginning to report medical cases in a light and airy style, in the hope of amusing those patients they cannot cure. Dr. Wadd's eccentric work, "Comments on Corpulency, Lineaments of Leanness, Mem. on Diet and Dietetics," has afforded us an hour of delightful entertainment, and we have no hesitation in recommending its pages particularly to the hypochondriac. This disease, the worthy doctor assures us, prevails most commonly in high life; the great can afford to be ill with the blue devils, or fancy themselves, as one of Dr. Wadd's patients did, handles of teapots. "A worthy, fat, hypochondriacal bachelor," he says, "sent for me one day, to tell me that he was dying; that he had left directions I should open him for the benefit of mankind; and that, if it was important, it might be done immediately after the the breath was out of his body, only taking care to pierce him through the heart, to prevent resuscitation. This *scena* was repeated at least once a year for twenty years; at last he died, with as good viscera as any gentleman of seventy-nine years of age was ever blessed with. He was one of those who studied the art of self-tormenting, a comfort which, unfortunately for those about him, he dispensed with a liberal hand. *Pity* seemed the pabulum of his life; and to exact commiseration for imaginary ills,

'Which real ills, and they alone, could cure,'

was the object of his existence. *He ate well, drank well, slept well*:—but what of that? He had 'weak stomach and giddy head; flying gout, wind in his veins, and water in his skin, with constant crackings and burnings.' His business seemed, seeking for new causes to make himself miserable. 'Your pulse is very good, Sir.'—'Ay, so you say; every body says so! that pulse will be the death of me; my pulse deceives every body, and my complaints are neglected because I happen to have a good pulse!'—'Your tongue, Sir, is clean.'—'Ay, there it is again you should have seen it in the morning—as white as a sheet of paper.'

'The valetudinary, thus,
Rings o'er and o'er his hourly fuss.'

"There cannot be a more pitiable person than one who exists per force of physic, flannel, and barley water—drop their wine, weigh their meat, feel their pulse, examine their tongue, make all their movements and meals by the regulation of the stop-watch, and who measure out their life and actions by the scale of scruples and drachms. I know persons who, strange to say, are sufferers from the rigid regularity with which they eat, drink, and sleep. This is a city complaint, originally introduced by some of the Hamborough Van-Dams of the last century, whose movements resembled those of the figures of their own Dutch clocks, equally regular, and about as lively. These demi-Dutch invalids, who make the periods of eating, drinking, and sleeping, the chief *business* of life, may be considered as *eating valetudinarians*, who never fail to put the very important question—'What am I to eat?' This constant query is very seldom satisfactorily answered. We remember Sir Richard Jebb's sad failure about muffins and boiled turnips. Dr. Reynolds, who was in every respect an able practitioner, was the most ready with his answer to this question. He invariably recollected whether it was muffins, or crumpets, or *boiled* turnips, or *baked* pears, that he had recommended, and he never allowed one or the other of these *materia alimentaria* to be changed *without his positive order*—and he was right, as will appear by the following anecdote :—

"An eminent court-physician visiting a noble lady, the following scene took place : 'Pray, doctor, do you think I might now venture on a slice of chicken, and a single glass of madeira, as I feel very faint and low?'—'Most certainly; I perceive nothing in the state of your ladyship's pulse, or the appearance of your tongue, to forbid so reasonable an indulgence.' Her ladyship instantly rung the bell, and with more than usual peremptoriness of manner, desired the servant to order the doctor's carriage to the door immediately; then addressed him as follows : 'Sir, there is your fee, and, depend upon it, it is the last you shall receive from me. I asked you a question, a serious question, Sir, to me, considering the very abstemious regimen to which I have so long submitted under your direction; and I think it full time to withdraw my confidence from a physician who delivers a professional opinion without any foundation: for you must be perfectly aware, Sir, that you neither felt my pulse nor examined my tongue.'"

The second volume of the "*Memoirs of Josephine*," has been published in French and English, and, like the first, it abounds

in anecdotes, most of which, we have no doubt, have been long familiar to the good people of Paris. For us, however, they possess all the charms of novelty; and it has surprised us that so little in this work, written by a professed admirer, relates to the empress. She seems to have said or done few things that deserved to be remembered; and her eulogist has had, therefore, to make out her publication with details foreign to the title of her work. These, however, are, in general, very amusing, and, perhaps, not altogether uninteresting. Bankruptcy in Paris is considered by no means dishonourable, provided it creates a *sensation*. The father of the authoress one day surprised the duke de Lauragueies in the deepest affliction, exclaiming, "I am a ruined, dishonoured man."

"But how, M. le Duc! what has befallen you—a frightful, horrible thing—have you lost a large sum at play?—Pooh, I am used to that,—much worse,—a fearful misfortune I tell you. You alarm me; I know not what to think, for the sorrows of the heart seldom trouble you, and—oh! if it were only the death of a mistress!—but, alas! it is much worse than that. Twenty years ago, I did all I could to effect my own ruin; eighteen months since I became a bankrupt, very honourably, very reasonably, and all Paris talked about it. Well, but see now; has not this rascal Guémené thought proper to fail for fourteen millions! I am completely shoved aside; I shall pass along unnoticed now; I shall now be talked of no more than a citizen of the Rue Saint Denis—you must acknowledge that I am most unfortunate."

Most people, like Desdemona, like to hear of "hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field," and the leisure which a long peace imposes on military officers has enabled them to gratify public curiosity. For several years they have been adding to our stock of harmless amusement; and the mine which they have worked so industriously appears far from being exhausted. A literary officer has just published "Twelve years Military Adventures in three quarters of the Globe," and being blessed with an observant eye, he has seen much in Asia, Africa, and Europe, well worth communicating. Respecting oriental manners his book conveys no new information; and of the detail of a voyage "out" and "home," we did not really want to know any thing, these being events which have been described at least one thousand times. To his military anecdotes, therefore, his book must be indebted for its attraction, and these, in general, are told in a very commendable style; the author writes with the ease,

and, we may add, the peculiarities of a well-informed military man.

The author of the "Naval Sketch-Book," has published in three volumes, "Sailors and Saints, or Matrimonial Manœuvres." The work is necessarily coarse in its humour, and sometimes, rather offensive in its details, and though possessing much cleverness in its description of nautical life, it is eminently deficient as a novel, the aim of which should be to instruct and amuse. "Sailors and Saints," cannot be said to do either.

The author of "Truckleborough Hall" has published a novel of a very different character and pretensions, under the title of "Rank and Talent." An acute observer of men and things, he analyses human nature with great fearlessness, and as he has no theory to support, he is generally successful in his delineation of character, in the drawing of which he seldom oversteps the modesty of nature. The plot is sufficiently intricate to keep the reader in suspense, and the style, though somewhat quaint, is always correct. There is a coxcomb introduced, among the usual ingredients of whose character some novelty is introduced.

The Lakes of Killarney are likely to become popular. Sir Walter Scott has rambled amidst their romantic scenery, and Mr. Hallam, the distinguished author of the "History of the Middle Ages," broke his leg among their cliffs last summer. These are not the only events likely to make them classical. Mr. Crofton Croker, whose "Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland," has acquired him the commendations of the reviewers, has just published two neat little duodecimos entitled "Legends of the Lakes," which answer the double purpose of being at once a guide-book and a legendary history of Killarney. The visitor, we are persuaded, will need no other directory: he has described, with industrious minuteness, every bay and cliff; and, while stopping to admire them, he has embodied in a tale, the superstitious remembrances connected with them. These are not very new or very amusing; many of the legends are to be found in surreptitious lives of the saints, and are universal in their application, being quite as familiar to the English as the Irish peasantry. Still Mr. Croker's volumes are entertaining ones; and Killarney, if he paints accurately, a very romantic, picturesque, pretty place. Those who cannot pay it a visit may do the next best thing—read "Legends of the Lakes."

The most stirring period of our history was that of the rival roses, the wars of the Tudors, and the Plantagenets. The field

of Bosworth, in the death of Richard, terminated the quarrel ; but it is not generally known that the " hump-backed tyrant" left issue, an illegitimate son, whom he acknowledged the night before the battle in which he valiantly perished. A modern antiquary, some time since, made this discovery, and we have now before us an historical romance entitled " The Last of the Plantagenets," which purports to detail the somewhat eventful life of Richard's son. The book is well written, and brings before the reader the impress and image of the times, which succeeded the fall of the usurper.

The success which has attended Sir Walter Scott's " Tales of a Grandfather," has produced an imitation in the sister island. A neat little volume of " Stories from the History of Ireland," has been got up in Dublin, and if the matter be inferior to that of its amusing prototype, the manner is very creditable to the Irish press. The author chronicles in a plain, intelligible form the events of Irish history ; but, unlike Sir Walter, he does not bring before his reader in a distinct manner those men and events best calculated to make a lasting impression on the reader.

The Honourable George Agar Ellis, who is distinguished not only as a man of fashion and a senator, but as an author, has published " The Ellis Correspondence," comprising letters written during the years 1686, 1687, and 1688, and addressed to " John Ellis, Esq. secretary to the Commissioners of his Majesty's revenue in Ireland." They relate many particulars respecting the events which preceded the revolution, and may be consulted with advantage by those who desire to become acquainted with the manners of the past, or the private scandal of James the Second's court. Most of the letters are anonymous, and Mr. Ellis hints that many of them were written by persons hired to report the particulars about which they wrote. To the politician, however, they will be more acceptable than to those who read for amusement.

As the season advances works of fiction multiply. We have now before us two of these, " The Fate of Graysdale—a Legend," in two volumes, is formed of those old materials which, in the hands of Mrs. Radcliffe, possessed so much attraction for novel readers. The story, we suspect, is a first attempt, and we shall only be doing justice to the author, when we declare, that it is full of promise. The next, " Tales of Passion," by the author of " Gilbert Earle," is of a much higher character ; and possesses infinitely more interest. Each fiction is worked up with studious effect, and a

degree of mind not often found in tale-writers, is pleasingly diffused throughout the whole.

Of poetry the last month has not been very productive "Belgic Pastorals, and other Poems, by Francis Glasse, Esq." are the poorest rubbish we have for a long time met; we can hardly suppose the author serious, and yet he talks of Damons and Phillises with the most surprising gravity. His Dutch shepherds discuss politics in verses quite as unmusical as the Patois of the merest boor in the Netherlands.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

WALKING DRESS.

A DRESS of Merino, or poplin, of sage-green; the body made high, and slightly *en gérbe*; a lace pelerine is worn over the shoulders, which forms mancherons over the top of the sleeves; the pelerine is surmounted by a ruff, under which is a coloured *sautoir*, from whence is suspended an elegant *souvenir* of gold and enamel. The skirt of the dress is bordered by a broad hem, headed by a rouleau, disposed in a fancy ornament, *en serpentine*, which is of satin, the same colour as the dress; the sleeves are *à l'Amadis*, and are finished at the wrists by antique English points. A black velvet bonnet is worn with this costume, trimmed with a riband to suit the colour of the gown, with hair stripes of black.

BALL DRESS.

Over a slip of white satin, a dress of celestial-blue *crepe-lisse*, with one deep flounce round the border, delicately scalloped at the edge, and headed by a double row of embossed, round foliage, in satin. The body made plain, and fitting tight to the shape, with a double falling tucker of blond round the bust. The sleeves are very short, with notched mancherons, edged round by a quilling of narrow blond tulle. The hair is arranged *à la Grecque*, but the elevation on the summit of the head is brought forwarder than is usually observable in that style. A few full-blown roses are mingled among the hair. The ear-pendants and necklace are of fancy jewellery, or of very large pearls, which, in the necklace, consists of one row, separated each by small ones, in the form of leaves.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

As we enter the new year we are naturally employed in watching the increased arrivals of the rich and noble, who give laws and patronage to fashion; these arrivals now move on in rapid



WALKING DRESS.

BALL DRESS.

ENGLISH COSTUME FOR FEBRUARY, 1829.

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succession, and we expect shortly to see a metropolis crowded with all that can impart animation and prosperity to those who are occupied in every work of improvement; amongst which, aided by taste, industry, and fancy, those who add grace and attraction to beauty by the elegancies of the toilet, are not to be despised.

Yet the tumult which distinguishes London at the latter end of this month, in general, is not yet begun; the number of well-appointed carriages, bowling smoothly over the Mac-Adamized streets at the court end of the town, is limited, and Hyde Park is but thinly peopled to what we may expect it to be in a few weeks' hence. The houses of the nobility are not yet lighted up for the splendid evening party, neither have any full-dress balls taken place, among those of high rank, in London.

For the evening costume *bérets* are, at present, and are likely still to continue, a very prevailing head-dress: the new ones are of coloured velvet, and are in shape not unlike the Spanish hats; they are sometimes seen ornamented with silver flowers; and round the crown is a cordon of silver, which is finished by two tassels which depend on one side as low as the throat. The blond caps, worn often at dinner parties and at the theatres, are immensely large; they have no longer fan-wings *à la Psyche*; but those extensive ornaments are rounded off, which is a great improvement: the borders are thrown back, and flowers lie on the hair, while a few branches are carried up over the rounded wing on the right side, which, when well disposed, have a very tasteful and elegant appearance: the cauls are, in general, open, and discover the hinder tresses, arranged with care through the kind of treillage-work of which they are composed. Sprigs of heath are a very favourite ornament on head-dresses of hair; they are fancifully mingled among the bows on the summit of the head. Butterflies, in wrought gold, differently-coloured stones, enamel, or brilliants, are worn as ornaments on the hair in full dress. The Apollo-knot on the summit of the head is somewhat too much elevated: it is composed of plats, wound round and round, till it forms a kind of coronet, *en corbeille*. Turbans are much worn in half dress; they are of richly brocaded and coloured gauze, or for afternoon home-costume are of white *crêpe-lisse*.

Ball-dresses are often ornamented round the border with rouleaux, formed of crape and satin, which form a light and elegant kind of trimming; others, of coloured crape, have a broad bias hem, over which are bands of satin riband, the same colour as

the dress ; these ribands are broad, and have a striking effect ; the corsage is *à la Circassienne*, both in front and at the back ; the sleeves are short, and are caught up by a small bouquet of flowers. Black satin dresses are much worn, especially at select or friendly parties, both at dinners and in the evening : they are trimmed with two bias folds, headed by black narrow blond, in full quillings ; the corsage is made with a stomacher, and the sleeves very wide. Dresses of gros de Naples, of rich and brilliant colours, prevail much in half dress, and evening fire-side costume ; the boddices of these gowns are generally *à la Roxalane*, and the sleeves *à l'Amadis*. Cyprus crape, of very delicate colours, trimmed with a deep flounce of black blond, with white satin rouleaux, and the corsage in the Gallo-Greek style, formed with the above kind of rouleaux, forms a favourite evening dress for the matronly belle.

Cloaks, as we prophesied, from their universality, have become too common as a walking envelope to be adopted, in that costume, by the great ones of the land ; on them they are only seen in carriages during a cold morning's drive, or at the theatres, and on quitting an evening or late dinner party. They are of various materials, and of all colours ; crimson or purple velvet, green satin, blue levantine, scarlet merino, &c. They have very large capes, cut square, and falling over the shoulders, like the Russian mantelet, as low as the elbow. The pelisses of satin or velvet have a broad fur round the border, *à la Witichoura*, and this is either of ermine, light sable, or American squirrel, of the light-grey kind, according as best suits the colour of the pelisse. Fur pelerines, and long tippets, are very general, as are muffs ; they are of the same fur which ornaments the pelisse ; or, when that is without trimming, they are of the grey squirrel of America, ermine, or the black Muscovy fox : all are equally fashionable.

Though a few hats and bonnets have appeared for the promenade, of black satin and gros de Naples, trimmed and lined with black velvet, and broad black satin ribands, yet there are no bonnets so prevalent, nor so much admired as those of black velvet at present, for this style of dress, which has now that genteel simplicity which ought ever to mark the modest attire of the fair pedestrian. In carriages a few bonnets have appeared of coloured satin ; these are trimmed at the edge of the brim with broad blond ; they cheer the eye after the continued monotony of black.

The most approved colours are rose-colour, ponceau, violet, amber, canary-yellow, blue, and holly-green.

Modes de Paris.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of rose-coloured gros de Naples, figured *en colonnes*, and bordered with a gauze flounce, *bouillonné*, bound with satin. The corsage fitting tight to the shape, made quite plain, with a broad falling tucker of blond. The hair arranged in full curls on each side of the face, and short at the ears; the summit very much elevated, and the height considerably added to, by a group of flowers resembling a small basket-full. Ear-pendants of Ceylon rubies and pearls; the necklace formed of three rows of pearls, fastened in the centre by a large Ceylon-ruby.

WALKING DRESS.

A velvet pelisse, the colour of the Parma-violet; the border surrounded by a broad hem, headed by two narrow rouleaux, either of blue or green satin, set very close together; the sleeves *en gigot*, confined at the wrists by very broad bracelets of gold, each fastened by a white agate, set in gold, *à l'Antique*. A long pelerine tippet of marten-skin is worn with this costume, concealing the corsage, which is made plain, and without any collar. The hat is of black velvet, trimmed with Parma-violet satin riband, and crowned by a weeping-willow feather of light blue or green: the hat fastens under the chin with a *mentonnière* of blond.

STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS, IN JANUARY, 1829.

A new head-dress for the evening is named *à la Malvina*; it is composed of several ribands, tastefully disposed among the hair, and intermingled with feathers. Wreaths of corn-poppies, with the blue flowers also belonging to the corn-field, are favourite ornaments on the head for the ball-room. Puffs of gauze, with two white esprits, are often seen at the public spectacles: between every puff of gauze is a full cluster of curls, a profusion of which are brought over the left temple. At a full-dress ball lately given, diamonds formed a prevailing article in jewellery, and one lady of high distinction and superior beauty, had her head-dress composed of an elegant mixture of brilliants, and feathers of the gold pheasant, formed into a kind of coronet. The dress hats are of velvet, either yellow, *éminence*, or white: they are trimmed with broad gauze ribands, with satin stripes, and two coloured feathers are placed in front: sometimes *bérêts* are seen richly ornamented with pearls. The caps, instead of having borders of blond, have now two folds of tulle, trimmed with narrow tulle, and between the two folds is a cordon formed of small flowers; lilies of the valley are most in favour. Hum-

ming-birds, and other small birds of brilliant plumage, are now more in favour as ornaments on the hair than butterflies; six of them form a head-dress, and they are placed on wires, or pins, which keep them in constant vibration

In *deshabille*, stuff dresses, of a very fine texture, are much worn, some of these are painted to imitate Indian chintz, and they are named *woollen chintz*. Tunics are worn this winter; they descend about half way down the leg, and discover a dress underneath, elegantly bordered with two *rûches*, between which are two rows of *bouillons*. Dresses of velvet for evening parties are trimmed with a broad flounce, festooned, of black or white blond, headed by two rows of gold, narrow lace, set at separate distances, and put on in the form of rosettes. Ball dresses are most in favour when of crape; they are bordered with a broad bias hem, about a foot in breadth, surmounted by three tucks; sometimes these tucks are of the same colour as the body: the tucker part of the corsages are now trimmed with a double quilling of tulle, laid in very large, full plaits; the shoulders are almost entirely uncovered. In full dress, the drapery of the satin boddice is caught up by rosettes of pearls. Dresses of tulle over light colours, in satin, are very fashionable; the tulle dress is embroidered with a border of natural flowers, and a row of bouquets, formed of the same embroidery, is placed above, next the knee.

Hats are adorned with a profusion of riband and blond; on some the blond is placed round and round in such quantities that the esprit feathers at their base lie quite buried amidst the blond. A hat of purple gros-des-Indes has been much admired, trimmed with bows and other ornaments of green gauze ribbon. Many hats of coloured velvet, in the public walks, are ornamented with feathers of two colours; one the same as the pelisse, the other of a suitable, yet different colour.

Silk pelisses, for the public promenade, are of light colours, and are elegantly embroidered round the border, and down the two sides in front, with field-flowers. The cloaks are either red, blue, or green, and are made of a new material fabricated at La Savonnerie, which has the appearance of cut velvet on a ground of fine broad-cloth: the capes of these cloaks are square, and descend as low as the elbow. With pelisses for *deshabille*, or the morning walk, gloves, embroidered with the same colour as the pelisse, lined with ponceau plush, turning over the wrist, are very fashionable. Boa tippets of fur, and muffs, are universal.

The most prevailing colours are *éminence*, rose-colour, ponceau, auburn-brown, and blue.





ROBERT BURNS.

Painted by A. Ramsay - Engraved by E. Scriven

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